

THE FORUM

FOR DECEMBER 1914

OLD HOUSES

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

OLD loveliness, set in the country wind,
Or down some vain town road the careless tread,
Like hush of candles lighted for the dead,
That look of yours, half seeing and half blind.
Still do you strain at door, but we come not,
The little maids, the lads, bone of your bone;
In some sad wise you keep the dusk alone,
Old loveliness, a many a day forgot.
But nay, but nay. All weathers to you pass,
Blown on by some sweet poignancy of air:
At some shop pane in Lent the jonquils start;
But O, their like in your old windy grass!—
Through tears that choke we see you waiting there;
Once more, once more are gathered to your heart!

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NATION WITH REGARD TO A PEACE PLAN

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

*When crowds have come, as the result of * * * changes of belief, to acquire a profound antipathy for the images evoked by certain words, the first duty of the true statesman is to change the words.*—GUSTAVE LE BON.

FOREWORD

Herewith is presented a peace plan

Which is not politically controversial:

Which requires no international agreements, calls for no new tribunals or other machinery of operation and will involve no change in present governmental practices:

Which is not offered as a substitute for such proposed solutions of the war problem as arbitration, disarmament, etc., but as an aid toward the development of a public sentiment for such measures:

Which does not suggest the immediate abolition of war, an obvious impossibility until public sentiment shall demand its abolition, but which provides for the automatic *direction and acceleration of public thought* toward the ideal of peace instead of toward the ideal of war:

Which proposes to accomplish these ends by the utilization of known principles in psychology.

THE LETTER

TO THE PRESIDENT, THE MINISTERS OF GOVERNMENT,
AND THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES: TO THE
MEMBERS OF PEACE SOCIETIES: TO THE PRESS AND TO
THE PEOPLE:

GREETING

I beg respectfully to suggest that the department of Government now known as the War Department hereafter be called

the Peace Department; that its Ministers hereafter may be known as Secretaries of Peace; that what are known as War Policies hereafter may be known as Peace Policies.

It will be agreed, I think, that the new word expresses more accurately than the old the present functions, temper and intent of our Government in its international relations; that our War Department actually is a department for peace; that our army and navy are, in intention, agencies for peace, and would become more effectively so if their calling ceased to be defined as that of war; that our War Secretary now is, in effect, a Minister of Peace, in that his primary office is not to make war, but to avert it, and the degree of his prestige is in direct ratio to his success in preserving the peace and tranquillity of our people; that our war budgets are, in fact, peace budgets, and should be called so, even in time of war, inasmuch as it scarcely will be denied that peace would be the primary object of any war in which we might engage.

Our war policies being already, in fact, peace policies, my proposal is simply that they be called such, that our terminology be revised to accord with our practices, our intentions and the ideals of the present day.

The tendency of modern thought is negative, if not hostile, toward war. It is positive toward peace. By substituting the concept Peace for the concept War in naming our Departments, our Ministers and our Policies, we shall, by taking advantage of the known suggestibility of the human mind and of the present current of public thought, greatly accelerate that current in the direction of its tendency and in the furtherance of our hopes, our ideals and the admitted purposes of what now is called our War Department.

Inasmuch as the plan here presented is not politically controversial, as it includes no proposal for a change in the existing policies of our Government, or in the actual practice of any governmental department, it is respectfully suggested that those to

whom it is addressed take such action as may lie within their power to bring it before the various legislative bodies of the United States for their consideration; and in every way to further its adoption if the plan shall be so fortunate as to receive their distinguished approval.

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

SMASHING THE WAR-MACHINES

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

TIME and again I have heard ardent peace advocates remark that the inevitable outcome of the great war must be still more militarism. As frequently I have heard men of the opposite type declare "more men, more guns and more ships" the only effective remedy against another war of the same kind, while from the lips of thousands holding a middle position or no position at all, I have heard the fear that, having "smashed Germany," England's next task would probably be to arrange for a suitable "smashing" of Russia. Thus the thing might be regarded as settled, and to quarrel with conclusions so well supported would seem hopelessly futile. But quarrel with them I must.

Of course, I admit that something has to be "smashed," although I hesitate to identify it with the name of any one country; and I admit also that the world-struggle which began about August 1 may possibly require for its final settlement a sequel in which Russia is to assume the unenviable position now held by Germany. But I venture to question whether it need prove more than a mere possibility. Were this second and greater war as inevitable as some people seem to think, so that the nations of the world would have to repeat their military and naval preparations of the last half century on a still more monstrous scale, then the future would be dark indeed. I am loth to believe it, however, and I think furthermore that to foster a widespread belief in such a future is to give a helping hand toward its materialization.

This very war—so long foreseen and foretold, and yet so startlingly unexpected in its arrival—is a splendid example of what I have in mind when I suggest that our beliefs may influence the future. That economical conditions and considerations must be sought at the bottom of the present struggle, I would be the last to deny. That—up to a certain stage of human development at least—racial competition will be almost certain to produce physical conflict, I also admit. But I insist nevertheless that

the attitude of the entire western world toward the fanatic, fatalistic militarism preached by Germany since the advent of Bismarck has been one of the most potent factors in producing this war, and the dominant one in settling its scope and nature.

I assert, in a word, that, to a large extent, we have it in our power to make and shape the future. If, in the past, we had not accepted war, not only as a necessary evil, but as the one ultimate means of settling serious international differences, the history of the last fifty years might have taken quite another turn. I am not one of those too-logical peace advocates who believe that you can meet the blow of an aggressive and unscrupulous nation by an offer of the other cheek. But I do believe that when everybody is shaking the sabre, the worst bully is most likely to profit by it. Germany has only given an exaggerated expression to what all the rest of the world at heart believed to be true; and thus the mistaken attitude of Germany became warranted and fortified by those who had most reason to deplore it.

Fortunately, however, the universal condition leading up to and finding its logical expression in the present world-struggle has already been very effective in convincing the larger part of civilized mankind that almost any other condition would be preferable. No matter who brought the crisis to a head, both the alignment of the opponents and the character of the conflict have been principally determined by a feeling among all the non-German nations that the war's one warrant was the need of making war impossible for ever afterwards. It is in this feeling, so strikingly different from the one illustrated by Bernhardt's notorious volume, that I see one of the brightest promises of future peace—a feeling based on man's realization that nothing to be gained by war can be worth the loss implied in preparing for it.

I think that the faith of man in war as an effective outlay of life and money and energy has already been deeply shaken, and that the resulting trend of the human mind toward a conception of peace as indispensable to orderly progress will get an added impetus from certain conditions now in the making. Whatever else may be the outcome of this greatest of all wars,

it seems safe to predict that the world emerging from the receding tide of chaos will not be the old one. The world that existed before the war has disappeared for ever. We can never bring it back. If the Allies win a hundred victories or suffer as many defeats; if they wipe Germany and Austria off the map, or become wiped off themselves; if the victors shift all the boundaries of the civilized world, or leave them just as they were—the world revealed by the coming peace will have been so radically changed by the inherent necessities of this enormous upheaval that we may truly call it a new world.

Perhaps the most important of all the changes to be noted in this new world will concern the essential prerequisite of war: that elaborate, vastly complicated machinery without which modern war is unthinkable. Judging by the meagre reports so far received from the titanicly sprawling battlefield of Europe, what do you think will be the state of that machinery after a few months only of war? What do you imagine its state will be if, as Earl Kitchener has suggested, the slaughter and devastation should continue for a year? And if, by efforts equalling those of a drowning man, the warring nations should manage to keep that machinery in fair working order to the very end, what do you think *their* state will be in consequence of such efforts?

It has long been my conviction that peace was out of the question while those machines remained unimpaired, and that the great war now under way had to come in order that they might be disposed of. First of all, it seems to be a law of nature that whenever life creates an instrument of any kind, its mere existence makes the use of it inevitable. The presence of an organ, says the biologist, implies a demand for its functioning. The war-machines of the great modern nations are such instruments or organs. Being created at enormous cost for a certain emergency, they have tended irresistibly to produce that very emergency. The greater their perfection, the greater has been their pressure in direction of circumstances that would bring that perfection to proof.

Of course, we know that external conditions will sometimes cause the use of an organ to be discontinued, with the result that the organ in question withers away. But we know also that this

never happens while the slightest inducement to the use of such an organ still remains. The same tendency toward economy appears in nations and finds constant manifestation in their attitude toward antiquated and outworn institutions. In fact, nations frequently display the spirit of a housewife who will spend twopence worth of butter to prevent a pennyworth of meat from being thrown away, or of a man finishing a can of beer merely to save it from "going to waste." What wonder, then, that they are not inclined to scrap many billions worth of armaments?

Think what those gigantic war-machines have cost. Think of the sacrifice and the toil and the ingenuity that have gone into their making. Think of the pride in their perfection that has had to be evoked in order to call forth the needed amount of sacrifice. Remember that they have been building not for months or years, but for decades, and that back of them lies a whole evolutionary series of similar machines which they have supplanted. Bear in mind, finally, the extent to which they have been made the symbol and ultimate expression of loyalty to kin and country and those ideals that are dearer than life itself to the heart of the race. If you have all those things in mind, how can you possibly hope to see those machines discarded while still unused and unimpaired?

But, as I have already suggested, the situation is likely to be a different one at the end of this war. And lest the difference be not sufficient to ensure a fair chance for man's growing tendency toward a peaceful settlement of national as well as individual disputes, I have the hardihood to wish that the end may not come too quickly. An early peace that leaves the huge machines intact in the main will simply mean another war to come—and in France at least they have learned that war itself is hardly worse than the waiting for it, when it is known to be unavoidable. If, on the other hand, the struggle be sufficiently prolonged, and if it be pursued to a finish in the spirit marking the initial operations, then there is hope indeed that the machines—and in speaking of those machines I have the human as well as all other material in mind—will be so damaged that the scrap heap will not appear a too wasteful suggestion.

There will be armies left, of course, and ships, and aeroplanes, and guns, and fortifications. But that will not be enough. A war-machine is not a mere conglomeration of warlike ingredients. It is a carefully devised and exquisitely balanced instrument, the perfect working of which depends on the perfect condition of every part. Its effective use demands that every part of it be present in such proportion and condition that it can interact properly with all the other parts. Our modern war machines bear the same relation to those of the past as a delicate scientific instrument to the primitive tools of a savage tribe. And it is an axiom, almost, that the more delicate the instrument is, the more easily it breaks down.

In assuming that a thorough smashing of the machines during the war will go far toward ensuring their practical abolition when peace comes at last, we must bear in mind certain other results of the war that must assert themselves the moment it is proposed to restore the damaged machines to their original condition, or to produce new ones of still greater perfection. Once more I must point out that those machines are the results of enormous expenditures continued uninterruptedly through a long stretch of years. During the period of their construction the world was at peace on the whole, and experienced a degree of prosperity that must be held without precedent in its history. Thus, and thus only, the building of these wonderful machines was rendered possible.

But I think it certain beyond all doubt that, after the war, every nation taking part in it will be exhausted to the verge of utter collapse. Nor will the neutral nations be wholly unaffected by this condition, as the experience of the United States has abundantly proved. Men and money will be as scarce as they will be badly needed for the work of industrial and commercial reconstruction. If anybody should call attention to the rapidity with which France recovered after the war of 1870-71, my rejoinder will be that the war in question was a local one after all. This, on the other hand, is a world-wide war, and its final scope has not yet been recorded. I think it safe to assert that the degree of exhaustion induced and the difficulty of recovery increase geometrically in proportion to the number of

nations actively involved. Nor must it be left out of sight in this connection, that five of the nations already at war when I write this rank among the foremost both in consumption and production. This is a circumstance that will tend largely to increase the effect of their exhaustion not only within their own borders but among the nations whose peace has not been broken.

Think what sums will be needed to rebuild a hundred wasted towns. Think what time and thought will be required to revive a million ruined enterprises. Think of the debts to be faced by nations and by individuals. Think of the host of cripples and invalids that will be left behind by the war to burden the greatly reduced army of active workers. Think of the orphans and widows and childless parents who will look in vain for the supporters on whom they depended before the war. Think of the demand that will be made on a country like England, which will no longer permit the distress of the individual to be overlooked by the nation as a whole. If we keep all these drains on the national resources clearly in mind, while also remembering that resources already reduced to a fearful extent by the war, may become still further reduced by famine in several countries, how can we possibly think men willing to spend what little is left them on more machines of the kind that has put them in such a plight?

The talk of "more men, more guns, and more ships" will not die down at once. A certain amount of military expansion is particularly apt to occur within the countries that have done least in this direction hitherto—such countries as England and the United States. But I think it no less likely that a universal limitation of armaments will be provided by the peace treaties and enforced by the victorious group of nations and the United States. One of the main objects dictating the policies of the Allies will be to prevent Germany from beginning all over again. And it will be impossible for them to place restrictions on Germany without applying these to themselves also.

Militarism, with all that it implies, cannot be wiped out at a single stroke. The instinct for fighting is too deeply rooted in human nature. But during the last century it has been raised to a sort of religious creed, particularly in Germany, where they

have even given this new cult a national temple in the form of a monument commemorating the Battle of the Nations. This kind of militarism, claiming absolute ascendancy over every other form of national expression, will be doomed for ever by this war, I think. And if such prove the case, no sacrifice demanded by the war—whether it be of life or of money—will have been made in vain.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTEBOOK

ROBERT E. JONES

BERLIN, February 21, 1914.

The perfection of technical development here excites me, amuses, intimidates, amazes me. . . . The elaborate technical lectures, the floods of books, the floods of Werkstätten-energy here, always energy, energy without vitality, somehow. . . . It's like a carved throne made for some great king. There is no king: the throne is empty. . . .

BAD HARZBURG, July 26.

Forenoons it rains here torrentially, then you get grandiose spectacles of piled-up storm-clouds and racing cloud-shadows. . . . villages lie around, ten minutes' walk apart—a tiny slate church, a cottage or two, a duck pond, sick, thin cows hitched to ox carts, village maids pitching dung, all as it was and ever shall be. If you want social security back up against a dung-heap.

BAD HARZBURG, July 31.

I have just come back from a day's tramp to the Brocken (Goethe's Brocken it is, where the witches dance) to find war declared and the order to mobilize posted by the *Rathaus*. In my *pension* we are dazed, we are in a dream. It is my birthday; we eat the honey-cake dear old Fräulein Naether made for me and toast the Kaiser mechanically in my birthday wine. It is horribly like a last sacrament. The old lieutenant who lives here has his moment of triumph. "At last we have the war we have dreamed of," he says; "there is nothing in the world so splendid, so uplifting, so ennobling as war." He gets rhetorical. But Fräulein Naether cries. She has bought six chickens for to-morrow's dinner, and to-morrow nobody will be here to eat them. Somehow the only thing that sticks in my head is the grotesque image of those wasted chickens. . . . The village is quiet and dark; here and there groups are humming, "Ein Fester Burg ist Unser Gott."

BERLIN, August 1.

God, what a day!—all day through this exquisite German country—fields of wheat, dead ripe, bland, dreamy, smooth like silk—I never saw anything so beautiful—we are thrown from train to train—always we have that gritty, wideawake feeling, our arms and backs are one big ache from our heavy suit cases—at one station two Russians are dragged out from our wagon and shot—hour after hour across this still pale country—I wonder who will gather this harvest. . . .

We come into a mad Berlin—everywhere marching, marching, till our eyes and ears are sick of the motion—I have to put a Swedish girl aboard the night train for Copenhagen—Stettiner Bahnhof is like an island, bags and trunks are stacked high like wreckage around it—all the Scandinavians in Europe are rushing that train—they fight and rave, hundreds of them—I see a woman on her knees in the crowd, praying—we stumble over burst-open luggage and trample on coats, the train is miles long, sickeningly crowded, around every door there is fighting, we try in vain to push our way through, at the last instant I break one of the side windows, she climbs in on my shoulders, waves me good-bye. . . .

A Week Later.

We are all dead. The German papers print no war news. We hear nothing from America. We are in a void, a thrilling, quivering emptiness. Everywhere in the world but here things are happening. The splendid people have gone away; on the streets we see only the weak and the strange and the useless ones. I remember an idiot boy at home once pulled the flowers out of our garden and left the weeds. . . .

August 24.

To-day to the Royal Opera House for the dress rehearsal of *Das Volk in Waffen*, events of 1813 dramatized for charity and patriotism. As a boy I used to read about Theodor Körner, a young German poet, incomparably beautiful, a great lover. . . . Lying wounded on the battlefield he composed a poem, saying:

"The morning sun is red . . . ah, so young to die . . . good-bye, my soldiers, my comrades . . . dying for Germany . . ."

Something similar anyhow, an exquisite fragment of German poetry, thoughts and sounds angelically mingling. . . . In the third act they bring on Körner dead—his soldiers lay him down by the camp fire, read aloud this poem that they fish out of one of his pockets—then two carry him away—and his arms drag on the ground. . . .

It is extraordinary how smoothly and how swiftly the great German wheel turns. My friend Lieutenant B—— was in the hospital at Metz when war was declared. His mother was sitting by his bedside at ten on the evening of July 31; she heard a soldier's voice outside saying, "Good-night." "That means I must go, I suppose," she said. They were surprised. "Why?" "Didn't that man say good-night—Gute Nacht?" "No, he said, 'Krieg erklart—war declared.'" That was all. No fuss, no confusion, just this quiet statement. They all went to sleep. The next morning at four, Frau Doktor tells me, Metz was empty.

August 26.

Refugees are arriving from Königsberg and Lemberg on the Russian border. The Lemberg insane asylum was fired on, the inmates are wandering in the streets and the fields. . . . On the German side this war is being fought from plans drawn up by the old von Moltke; when war was declared they simply looked in his desk, there they found everything . . . 1914 weapons and an 1870 hate.

September 6.

In everybody's mind Paris is already taken. We are all waiting for the actual thing to happen. And bored stiff waiting. We resent its dragging on for so long; we finished with Paris, in our minds, long ago. . . .

September 12.

Kids in the streets are playing war with toy helmets and wooden swords; they all want to play Russians; Russians can bite

and scratch and do anything underhanded, Germans must stand up straight and be controlled. . . .

To-night I met a soldier-mechanic in a café—we talked, drank a lot, got pretty mellow—toward midnight he told me the German Government owns to about forty Zeppelins, but there are sixty *Hansas* alone, all of the same color and size, and sixteen *Sachsens*. Every Sunday afternoon of my life I've seen the *Hansa* poking its nose over the Charlottenburg roofs; every Sunday a different one, probably.

September 13.

The bodies of dead German soldiers are burned on the battlefield, thirty men to a pyre; a short service is read, they are blessed, flame takes them, latter-day martyrs, five hundred thousand. . . . Staying here gets harder, in the face of American journalism and natural German distrust. . . .

September 18.

My last day in Germany. . . . Coming in to-night I find flowers on my table and a note from my landlady:

"I hope your last night under my roof will be a pleasant one. Dream of a speedy return and a happy *Wiedersehen* with your old friend and mother . . ."

September 19: on the train.

Always this smooth pale silken country . . . two soldiers get on at Stendal, they have kidney disease, they are bound for Hanover to rest and drink hot water till they can fight again . . . beautiful sad unintelligent faces they have; the fighting at Lüttich has left them dazed; all the soldiers return with these same mad eyes, their bodies come back but their souls don't. . . .

September 21: on the Channel boat from Vlissingen.

We have just come up to Dover Cliffs in the sunset—here are warships and warships and warships like poisonous black beetles on the water—searchlights flash out from them in the dusk, the Folkestone Light looks at us and winks and looks

again, overhead aeroplanes are patrolling—Berlin has been so calm and so still—Here at last is War. . . .

September 23.

This afternoon to Westminster Abbey—inside, you see bunches of delicate reedlike columns banded together descending from gloom, tawny orange in the west windows, dusty banners hanging, live gold light touching the stone, clinging there, lichenous; you feel an emptiness, a desiccation, you hear the sweet weak voices of vergers saying, talking, narrating, explaining, talking, saying—it all belongs so completely to a past that reaches out and chokes the present—I thank God for a war that will burn and cleanse. . . .

Not Likely, at the Alhambra—Lee White, late of Parry and White, New York . . . she is a Dixie girl with a rich deep voice and “that Southern charm,” and she wears the last gowns Poiret designed before he went away to lead his regiment, and she sings all the new late jingly tunes. . . . “Get a-goin’,” she begs us, “get a-goin’, we’re all goin’ back to Dixie, back to the fields of cotton we’ll rag it together, down where my heart is a-pinin’ to be, only hurry, hurry, faster, faster, get a-goin’, get a-goin’ for dear old Dixie Land.” . . . Her American nerve is spun out like a web over the audience; we applaud and applaud. There is a pause. The spotlight beats down; quietly she sings the new recruiting song:

*For we don't want to lose you,
But we think you ought to go,
For your King and your country
Both need you so: (Teedle, deedle):
Now we want you and shall miss you,
But with all our might and main
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you. . . .
When you come back again. . . .*

I go out feeling sick. Trafalgar Square is as still as a country field: only a few lamps are burning. High overhead the searchlights pass and repass, like cold white fingers. I think of the boys I knew in Berlin singing around their campfires:

*We come to pray before the Just God, the Stern God, the God of
Battles;
Praise to His Name, for He never forgets. . . . O Lord, make
us free!*

Everywhere people are being sung into hate.

September 30: S. S. *St. Louis*.

We are eating plum-duff for Sunday dinner, each of us has an orange, the first and second class passengers come down to look at us, yesterday we had an apple apiece—I am writing on the corner of the eating-bench, close by a convenient porthole—a red table-cloth, one swinging electric light bulb, the sea roaring along outside almost level with my head, a smell of feet—here sits a Velasquez dwarf, drooling and twitching; there is a boy from Galveston who used to guard convicts on the Texas State roads; when they ran away he used to set the hounds on them; he wants to sell me his big sailor's knife with a marlinspike set in the back, cost him four shillings in London, sell it for two bits; beside me is a designer for Callou, born in Brazil, wounded in Liège, convalescent in London.

October 1.

This night, full moon on the sea. Here it is lonely and cold. We are travelling fast; to-morrow we shall reach New York. The *nerve* of America comes over the quiet sea to meet us alone, tightens and tunes us. . . . We are coming home. . . .

THE NEED OF A NATURALIZATION TREATY WITH ITALY

JOHN VALENTE

AS a direct result of the present European situation, an old question is before the American people for final solution: a question which is not only interesting to students of the technicalities of international law, but, certainly, of vital and grave importance to over a million of us who through the deliberate choice of our fathers, or ourselves, have cast our lot with that of America. In the recent mobilization of her army, Italy failed to respect the American citizenship of her former subjects who found themselves back in the mother country; she even failed to respect the American citizenship of natural-born Americans of Italian parentage who were within her boundaries. Many artisans, musicians, teachers, and business men have been unable to return. Had my plans for the summer materialized, I should now be shouldering a gun in the Italian army, instead of peacefully teaching in an American university.

This is a problem which our State Department will have to face,—a question which will have to be met with fairness and justice, and without racial prejudice. The happiness of too many of us is at stake. In the next generation, if the present birth rate of children of Italian parentage continues, a steadily increasing number will be involved. This is the time to meet the issue once for all.

For the purpose of analysis, the whole discussion may be restricted to two simple propositions: (1) Italy refuses to recognize the American citizenship of her former subjects who have sworn allegiance to the Government of the United States. (2) Italy refuses to recognize the American citizenship of children of Italian parents, who have been born within the boundaries of the United States. These are two distinct questions, though closely interrelated.

The first of these two propositions which I have stated, clearly involves the power of the United States to bestow upon Italian-born residents the right of citizenship. This difficulty

can be met with one of three possible solutions, and the Government must choose for itself which it wishes to adopt. (1) The United States can, through a treaty, secure the consent of the Italian Government to naturalize Italian subjects. (2) The United States can refuse to naturalize Italian-born residents, or, at least, refuse to naturalize them until they have reached the required age which will exempt them from military service. (3) The United States can continue to bestow the gift of citizenship and safeguard it, if necessary, by force. This last alternative is inexpedient, and one which no Italian, no matter how desirous of citizenship, would ever wish.

The second alternative is not consistent with the enlightened policy which hitherto has made it possible for millions of men to learn the lesson of self-government, and attain—often through many hardships—that self-restraint and self-dignity which is essential for the full development of men. Those of us who have gone through the baptism of fire, or have seen our fathers do so, know what America means to many a thankful immigrant working out his destiny within these States. America must never withhold her privileges from those who are deserving.

The first, and best, alternative remains. America must endeavor to induce Italy to sign a satisfactory treaty. It ought not to be hard to convince her of the wisdom of allowing each man to choose for himself under which flag he wishes to serve. We already have such a treaty with Germany, perhaps the most military nation in the world. Should Italy persist in her present attitude, in the end she will have little to gain and much to lose. In the last analysis, on the part of Italy, it is a question of military duty. Italians who do not wish to serve in her army will never return, and should a former Italian subject find himself abroad and be impressed into service, at best he will be a poor soldier indeed. If Italy meets the question in the spirit of fairness, she will gain the good-will and respect, not only of her former sons who have given their allegiance to the United States, but of the entire American nation.

If Italy decides to sign an amicable treaty—and those of us who love her, though we owe her no allegiance, sincerely hope that she will—there will be no need to discuss the second propo-

sition which I have suggested. But should Italy refuse to come to a satisfactory understanding, the rights of natural-born Americans of Italian parentage must be carefully considered. It is a more serious question than the rights of naturalized citizens.

But before discussing the second proposition, it is wise to consider the difference between the general character of the American population and the population of any modern European country. The inhabitants of France, for example, mainly consist of lineal descendants of Frenchmen, attached to the soil for many generations. The same assertion may be made of Italy itself. Such is not the case of America. Many a New York financier has a father or grandfather who crossed the Atlantic as a humble steerage passenger, with all his worldly possessions squeezed into an old-fashioned telescope, or jammed into a stout bag which served him as a pillow at night. Out of a population of 91,972,266 souls living in the United States, only 50,239,543 persons can rightfully trace back their descent to two or more generations of American blood. These are the figures given in the United States census report of 1910. If we examine the tables of statistics a little further, we shall find, that should England, Germany, and the other European Powers that have furnished us with immigrants during the last thirty years, suddenly adopt the point of view of the Italian Government, 12,950,034 men, women, and children, all natural-born American citizens, would immediately lose those very privileges which have made it possible for Americans on the other side of the Atlantic to return safely to their native shores during the past few months.

It has been suggested by some of our newspapers that those of us who are liable to be impressed into foreign service should quietly remain at home. Though a cautious, it is scarcely an honorable position to assume. Further, this is not merely a question of the present hour; it is a question to be settled for all time. Some of us do not wish to forgo the pleasure and opportunity of foreign travel and study; it is one of the means to serve America.

Now, to a direct discussion of the argument offered by Italy in support of the claims that the sons of Italians, born in America, are rightfully her own citizens. Italy states that in

claiming them as citizens, she asks no more than the United States, who too claims as citizens all children of American parentage born on alien soil. Though an apparently strong argument, it is by no means a parallel case.

Italy must recognize, as other enlightened nations have recognized, that on account of the diverse character of our population, mainly due to our rapid economic development and popular form of government, ours is an exceptional case. Nearly half of our population consists of immigrants and native children of immigrants. Germany during the present conflict recognized the justice of this argument. She has made it possible for all Americans, including former subjects, now naturalized under our laws, and native Americans of German parentage, without any discrimination, to remain, or leave the country, with safety. It is doubtful if she would have allowed native Italians of full German parentage, had she needed their services, to return to Italy. European conditions and American conditions are totally different. In Europe there is practically no immigration question; hence, what seems a strong parallel argument is no argument at all.

But our American point of view can be explained still further. A glance at our last census report will show that comparatively few Americans are born abroad. To be exact, 56,351 cases have been reported. This figure shrinks to insignificance when compared with the 12,950,034 native Americans of foreign parentage. I have been unable to ascertain just how many of these 56,351 "Americans born abroad" were born on Italian territory, but this is certain: in 1910 there were 755,290 natives of Italian parentage living in the United States, a figure which must have passed the million mark during the last four years. What does the comparison of these figures show? It shows that the birth of Americans on alien soil is purely accidental. They are generally the children of Americans who for social, commercial, and other reasons are temporarily established abroad. They all, eventually, take up their residence in America. An Italian born in China or Japan would be an exact parallel case; but, on the other hand, the American birth of the mass of children of Italian parentage born in this country is not a pure acci-

dent. They are the offspring of men and women who for economic, political, and possibly religious reasons have left the home-country forever,—men and women who have deliberately come to America to establish a permanent home. Their children, when they reach manhood, have no interest in the political affairs of Italy; the majority of them have absolutely no knowledge of the details of its government. Can such men be asked to serve what is to them virtually a foreign cause?

Italy must be made to see, and everyone must be made to see, the folly of attempting to make an Italian out of an American child. His affiliations are wholly American. His sympathies are wholly American. He is neither an Italian, except in the very broadest sense, nor an Italo-American; he is simply an American. Though he may occasionally boast of the Italy of Dante and Michael Angelo, much as an American of German parentage might boast of the Germany of Goethe and Wagner, his love is for America. The public school, with its thousands of devoted and noble women, has implanted in his soul the message of democracy. He can never bow before the kings of earth.

GERMAN AND BRITISH THEOLOGIANS AND THE WAR

An Appeal and the Reply

A FEW weeks ago an appeal was sent by German theologians "To the Evangelical Christians Abroad." In this it is stated that for forty-three years Germany had maintained peace. Only under the compulsion to repel a wanton attack had she now drawn the sword. The circumstances leading up to the war were then set forth from the German standpoint, the character of the recital being indicated by the following quotation: "Unnamable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad—against women and children, against wounded and physicians—cruelties and shamelessness such as many a heathen and Mohammedan war has not revealed." It is further alleged that: "Into the war which the Czar has openly proclaimed as the decisive campaign against Teutonism and Protestantism heathen Japan is now also called under the pretext of an alliance." The German support of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference is referred to, and it is said that if this fellowship is now irreparably destroyed and other evils follow the guilt rests not on the German people.

THE REPLY

The following reply, signed by the Archbishops, several Bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, as well as by many eminent Nonconformists, has been issued:

A document has obtained circulation in England, and, we believe, in America, in the form of an appeal with reference to the European War, addressed to "The Evangelical Christians Abroad," and making special reference to the members of the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh. It is signed by brothers and friends of our own in the Church of Christ—men of whose honesty, capacity, and good faith there can be no conceivable question, and whose names carry weight throughout the world among those who think and teach and pray.

It fills us with amazement that those who occupy the positions held by the signatories of this appeal should commit themselves to a statement of the political causes of the war which departs so strangely from what seem to us to be the plain facts of this grave hour in European history. They offer in brief words some account of the events of recent months or years, but to the most salient of the facts out of which the war has arisen they make no reference at all.

It has not been a light thing for us to give our assent to the action of the Government of our country in this matter. But the facts of the case as we know them have made it impossible for us to do otherwise. Of these facts we offer here a brief but a careful summary, derived from the official papers, the accuracy of which cannot be challenged. It is upon these facts that we rest our assured conviction that, for men who desire to maintain the paramount obligation of fidelity to plighted word, and the duty of defending weaker nations against violence and wrong, no possible course was open but that which our country has taken.

THE COURSE OF NEGOTIATIONS

On July 24, Sir Edward Grey said to the German Ambassador that "if the Austrian ultimatum to Servia did not lead to trouble between Austria and Russia" he "had no concern with it." He proposed that "the four Powers—Germany, Italy, France, and ourselves—should work together simultaneously at Vienna and St. Petersburg in favor of moderation in the event of the relations between Austria and Russia becoming threatening." [Correspondence respecting the European Crisis, White-book, Cd. 7467, No. 11.] The German Secretary of State said (July 25) that he was quite ready to fall in with this suggestion [No. 18].

When the Servian reply was rejected by Austria, Sir. E. Grey proposed (July 26) that the French, Italian, and German Ambassadors should meet him at once "for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications" [No. 36]. The responsibility for the failure of this proposal rests solely with Germany, who alone raised objections. While favorable "in

principle " to mediation between Russia and Austria, the German Government could not approve the particular method of conference suggested, but, though invited to do so, they put forward no alternative proposal.

Finally, at the very last moment Sir E. Grey made a new effort for the maintenance of peace: " I said to German Ambassador this morning (July 31) that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were trying to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go to the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but, otherwise, I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in " [No. 111].

Nothing could more plainly show that our Government endeavored to the utmost to maintain the peace of Europe, and that it did not receive the coöperation of the German Government in its endeavor.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM

The actual interposition of Britain in the present war arose directly out of the question of the neutrality of Belgium. The original guaranty of the neutrality of Belgium is to be found in Article VII. of the Treaty of London (April 19, 1839), between England, Austria, France, Russia, and Prussia on the one hand, and the Netherlands on the other. The Article reads: " Belgium shall form a state independent and perpetually neutral. It is under obligation to observe such neutrality toward all other states." On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, identical treaties between England and France, and between England and Prussia acting for herself and her allies, were signed in London. The treaties were in each case preceded by a formal declaration on the part of the belligerent Powers that they would respect the neutrality of Belgium.

The Prussian Note expressly stated that the Prussian Government regarded such a declaration as superfluous in view of

the existing treaties. The treaties of 1870, moreover, specifically recognized as of binding force Article VII. of the treaty of 1839. The treaties provide that in the case of one belligerent respecting and the other violating the neutrality of Belgium, the United Kingdom will coöperate with the belligerent respecting neutrality against the other.

The third Article of the treaties provides that it shall be binding on the contracting parties during the continuance of the war and for twelve months after; "and on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the high contracting parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the Quintuple Treaty of 1839."

The obligation thus rested on Germany no less than on England and France, to respect, in accordance with the treaties which she had signed, the neutrality of Belgium. In reply to an inquiry addressed by the British to the French and German Governments on July 31 when the outbreak of hostilities appeared imminent, France gave an assurance that she would respect the neutrality of Belgium. Germany gave no such assurance, our Ambassador gathering from what the Secretary of State said that "he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing" [No. 122]. On August 3 an ultimatum was addressed to Belgium by the German Government, the effect of which was that Belgium would be treated as an enemy unless she assented to the violation of her territory by permitting the passage of German troops to France [No. 153]. This the Belgian Government categorically refused as a flagrant violation of the Law of Nations—a view of the action of Germany which is supported by the speech of the Chancellor to the Reichstag on August 4, for, after speaking of "the just protest" of Belgium, he added: "The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

German publications, official and unofficial, have, since the actual violation, stated that Belgian territory was only violated after the Belgians had agreed to allow the French to march through, and had thereby "broken the neutrality." These state-

ments are advanced without any attempt to support them by evidence—they are in contradiction to the substantial pleas put forward by Germany at the time, and they directly conflict with the pledge given by France to Sir E. Grey; they are wholly baseless and untrue.

It is right that at this point we should refer to “the strong bid for British neutrality” reported by the British Ambassador at Berlin as having been made to him by the Imperial Chancellor on July 29 [No. 85]. In replying to it on the next day, Sir E. Grey wrote as follows: “His Majesty’s Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor’s proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms. What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies. From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable; for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a great Power, and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligations or interests we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.” [No. 101.]

CONCLUSIONS

The facts thus recited are in our belief incontestable. We can only suppose, incredible as it seems, that those honorable and gifted men who signed the German appeal were unaware of the obligations by which we were bound, and also of the story of the negotiations. A violation of such promises on our part would have been an act of the basest perfidy.

When we turn to the generalities which the document contains about German thought and polity and plans, we seek in vain for any reference to the teaching of such writers as Treitschke and Bernhardi.

Does it mean that those who have signed the German appeal regard those leaders and teachers as negligible, or that their own opposition to what those widely read books contain is so well known as to need no assertion? We cannot tell. But the facts of the hour, as set forth in the summary which we have given above, correspond so clearly with what is inculcated and driven home in those writings that we at least find it impossible to separate the one from the other.

Again, we cannot pass in silence the statement of the manifesto that "unnamable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad." We do not know to what the signatories refer in this general statement; but we may be permitted to speak of what is within our personal knowledge. Peaceful and well-disposed Germans in this country are being treated with all possible consideration and kindness, and the Home Secretary has taken them under his own protection.

God knows what it means to us to be separated for a time by this great war from many with whom it has been our privilege—with whom we hope it will be our privilege again—to work for the setting forward of the Christian message among men. We unite whole-heartedly with our German brethren in deploring the disastrous consequences of the war, and in particular its effect in diverting the energies and resources of the Christian nations from the great constructive tasks to which they were providentially called on behalf of the peoples of Asia and Africa.

But there must be no mistake about our own position. Eagerly desirous of peace, foremost to the best of our power in furthering it, keen especially to promote the close fellowship of Germany and England, we have nevertheless been driven to declare that dear to us as peace is, the principles of truth and honor are yet more dear.

To have acted otherwise than we have acted would have meant deliberate unfaithfulness to an engagement by which we had solemnly bound ourselves, and a refusal of our responsibilities and duties in regard to the maintenance of the public law of Europe. We have taken our stand for international good faith, for the safeguarding of smaller nationalities, and for the uphold-

ing of the essential conditions of brotherhood among the nations of the world.

THE SIGNATORIES

ARCHBISHOPS: Canterbury, York, and Armagh.

BISHOPS: London, Winchester, Brechin (Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland), Ossory, and Dr. Hassé, Bishop of the Moravian Church.

DEANS: St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey (Bishop Ryle), Durham, Christ Church (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford), Wells.

OTHER REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN: Dr. Scott Holland, Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford; M. R. James, Litt.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge; Dr. Sanday, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford; Dr. Swete, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; Dr. Burkitt, Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; T. R. Glover, Classical Lecturer, St. John's College, Cambridge; Michael E. Sadler, C.B., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds; Eugene Stock, D.C.L., Church Missionary Society.

NONCONFORMIST AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVES: Lord Balfour of Burleigh, President of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference; R. J. Campbell, City Temple; Dr. Clifford, Past President of the Baptist Union; Dr. Davison, Principal of Richmond Wesleyan College; Dr. Forsyth, Principal of Hackney Theological College; Dr. Horton, Past President of the Congregational Union; Dr. Scott Lidgett and Dr. Meyer, Joint Hon. Secretaries of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches; Dr. Lindsay, Principal of the United Free Church College, Glasgow; Dr. Campbell Morgan, Westminster Congregational Chapel; Dr. Moulton, Professor of Hellenistic Greek, Manchester University; Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Editor of *The British Weekly*; Dr. Paterson, Professor of Divinity, Edinburgh University; Dr. Peake, Professor of Biblical Exegesis, Victoria University, Manchester; Dr. Ramsay, Aberdeen University; Dr. Selbie, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; J. H. Shakespeare, Secretary of the Baptist Union; Dr. Adam Smith, Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University; and others.

NATIONALITY AND THE UNION

SAMUEL FRANKLIN GAMMON

DURING the first twenty years of the government under the constitution, a majority of the States had formally declared the doctrine of State sovereignty; had defied the authority of the President; had denied the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court; had declared acts of Congress to be null and void; or had talked openly in their legislatures of secession. There was so far lacking any thoroughly national conception of the federal organism the people had reluctantly set up, that States frequently challenged the exercise of the commonest attributes of national power. The constitution, in theory, was no more than a compact. And as sovereign States were the source of the delegated powers of the federal Government, so were they held the final judges of the scope of its authority. And when the compact was deemed by any State to have been violated, the right was reserved to the State to determine its own redress. So fragile were the bonds of the union under the old States'-rights doctrine! For whatever might have been the actual resistance to any practical application of the doctrine, it subjected the security of the union to the caprice of a State.

But under the various nationalizing influences through which American life has been transformed, there was brought about also a great change in the political ideas of the people. The American State became converted into a democratic nation. The old theory of the union grew obsolete. And there came into acceptance, with the development of the national principle, what is now universally considered the constitutional theory. According to this theory of the union the national Government is responsible, not to the several States, but to the great body of the people, in whom only there is sovereign power; and the union is not the result of a compact, but is dissoluble only by revolution or by consent of the whole body of the people, who formed it. And when the national integrity is threatened, even by a subdivision, a portion of the people themselves, it becomes the duty of the national Government, through its delegated powers, to

defend and preserve it. Under this theory there was a clear constitutional obligation upon Lincoln and the federal Government to oppose at all hazards the South's withdrawal from the Union.

This national theory as to the nature of the union, which is now embodied in the very warp and woof of our constitutional creed, could hardly have been conceived of at the beginning of this Government. There was then perhaps not a man in the country who did not regard the constitution as a compact between sovereign States, establishing a union from which any State had the right peaceably to withdraw: at least, had the constitution expressly denied this right, there is little room to doubt it would not have been ratified. A thoroughly national conception of the union was impossible when there was lacking any thoroughly national feeling, and this in 1789 the very conditions of life denied. Nationality of course is a matter of growth, and the constitution of our fathers is efficient to-day only because it has been capable of the flexible development an expanding nationality has required. For had it been rigid and restrictive, had it embodied the old State sovereignty doctrine—that of nullification and the right to secede—if it had ever been practicable at all, it would long since have been outgrown and discarded.

No deduction from the country's history is plainer than this: that in proportion to the rise of nationality the old States'-rights formulas—of nullification and peaceable secession—lost their potency. While we were yet a provincial people and with provincial ideas, they were not anywhere to be questioned save on the ground of expediency. With the beginning of the period of sectional divergence they began to be questioned and disputed on constitutional grounds—one section repudiating them upon the development of a thoroughly national feeling, the other maintaining them still, as she remained economically and socially unchanged. And finally, as we have merged into a vigorous and thorough nationality, no one would undertake to uphold them; for by the force of national sentiment they have been overwhelmed.

And so as we boast to-day of a reunited country, after the terrible bitterness of a civil war, we are conscious of a national

unity that in the early days of the Republic could not have been conceived of. It is not the product of any constitutional arrangement. It was not determined merely by the arbitrament of war. But it is the result of those social and economic forces that have developed among the whole body of the people a thoroughly national spirit.

While the constitution provided for the States an efficient national Government, there were many difficulties at first in the way of the development, among the body of the people, of any thoroughly national feeling. There was the vast extent of the country itself, with all the difficulties of communication and travel; there was the diversity of interests in the different sections, and the ignorance of the people in one section of the wants of those in another; there were jealousies and political prejudices handed down from colonial times; all of which account for the provincial and separatist spirit that flourished and found expression in the political ideas of the people. But the outstanding barrier to the rise of a thorough nationality was the institution of slavery, which peculiar conditions were to confine to one great section of the country, and through the inevitable conflict of interests to threaten the national existence itself.

On the other hand, characteristics of the American people from the first have been a common spirit of enterprise and an abiding faith in the country's future. Even in the throes of civil war a glorious national destiny was not utterly despaired of; a hope and faith that worked out, finally, our national salvation. The colonists who peopled the continent came not in search of political and religious freedom alone, but that they might prosper in this Land of Opportunity. And so, out of a common faith and purpose, among a people of certain mutual sympathies, with the same political traditions, who faced alike common dangers that they might secure the blessings of political liberty and economic freedom, was born the American national spirit.

In considering the awakening and development of a national spirit, therefore, which grew out of a common faith and purpose among a kindred people, must be reckoned first of course the Revolution which gave us political birth; then the work of the federalists, who set up for us an efficient plan of national

government and afterward adopted and pursued a vigorous, constructive national policy; a prevailing spirit of democracy, which subdued its tendency, at first distinctly contra-nationalizing, and came, under stress of national responsibilities, to prompt vitally national acts and policies; the second war with England, which in its successful issue worked out our release from the rampant separatist spirit of the early union, and marked the beginning of our economic independence; the influence of the immigrant and territorial expansion, or the development of the West; the various mechanical inventions which supplied the means of rapid communication, of multiplying the forces of industry, which revolutionized our social and economic order and made possible among a widely scattered people an awakened national conscience. And furthermore is to be included the result of the civil war, which at a terrible cost removed the impediment of slavery and enabled the nation, at length united in spirit and in truth, to pursue the fulfilment of its early promise.

When the American States united under the constitution they partook of the form of a nation. Not till after the War of 1812, however, did they become, as well, a nation in substance; that is, with a social cohesiveness sufficient to stimulate genuinely national thought and feeling, and with an economic independence secured. For a chief result of that war was to bring to an end the colonial dependence on the markets of Britain and of Europe. The national spirit, so feeble at the time New England threatened secession that if opportunely put into action the threat could probably have been carried out for lack of effective resistance, had by 1833 attained sufficient force to ensure against any successful application of the old States'-rights doctrine in the future; at least by this time no State could arbitrarily defy the national authority or peaceably withdraw from the union. And but for the institution of slavery, which was practically to shut out one great section from the various nationalizing influences that were to transform the rest of the country, the development of nationality would have been henceforth undisputed.

Territorial expansion and development to the westward was nothing less than the expansion of the national life. The West was not only being developed largely through those forces which

were revolutionizing the East with rapid momentum, diversifying and intensifying its industries and effecting marvellous change in the conditions of life, but was on this account being bound inseparably to the East in interests and sympathies. And this was the vital thing for the union's security. For as the Republic faced the dark prospects of disruption and of civil war, its ultimate salvation depended on whether the great West, filled with the spirit of nationality, would join with the East and offer its full measure of devotion that the union might be saved.

In a dispassionate consideration of the influences of slavery upon the national development, it must be impossible to avoid this conclusion: that the existence of slavery was not only exceedingly detrimental to the progress of the South, but that, as purely a sectional institution, its effect was an inevitable tendency toward disunion.

Slavery brought about the conditions that led to disunion, because it brought about a complete separation of the South from the rest of the country in interests and sympathies. It sectionalized and isolated the South in spirit, because it forbade her sharing those influences that were to awaken a thoroughly national impulse and conscience in the States to the north of her. The diversified interests that characterized the Northern States were not to be found in those of the South; for they were wholly agricultural, and with but one staple crop, cultivated by slaves. The South had no interstate commerce of consequence, except with certain seaboard towns and cities, for her principal markets were in Europe, where her cotton was exchanged for manufactured goods; and therefore was lacking the unifying influence of commercial inter-dependence with the rest of the union. For that reason, furthermore, there were few railroads or travel accommodations; and altogether those means and those industries that had at once extended and concentrated the populations of the North, in the South were almost or wholly lacking. Immigration, that for years had poured in mighty stream into the North and West, to work profound social changes, from the South had been all but excluded.

With such a social and economic contrast, therefore, between the two great sections of the country, with such a division in

interests and in sentiment as the very existence of slavery caused, there could not be brought about, by any means of legislation, a national unity in fact.

Politics in the broader sense is based on economics, and economically of course the South had remained practically unchanged. Her development had been arrested by slavery. Her political ideas also, which national necessities had long since contradicted, she had held unchanged from the first. To quote from Woodrow Wilson's masterly little treatise on *Division and Reunion*:

"The South had not changed her ideas from the first, because she had not changed her condition. She had not experienced, except in a very slight degree, the economic forces which had created the great North-west and nationalized the rest of the country; for they had been shut out of her life by slavery. . . . There had been nothing active on the part of the South in this process. She had stood still while the rest of the union had undergone profound changes; and standing still, she retained the old principles which had once been universal. Both she and her principles, it turned out, had been caught at last in the great national drift, and were to be overwhelmed. Her slender economic resources were no match for the mighty strength of the nation with which she had fallen out of sympathy."

The South's offence against the national spirit plainly was slavery. But the North's offence was, also, in deepening the national breach through the enforcement of an utterly mistaken policy of reconstruction; which, especially in forcing negro rule upon the South, is characterized by the most eminent Northern historian of that period, James Ford Rhodes, as "short-sighted," "repressive" and "uncivilized"; which was prompted largely by a spirit of revenge and of political aggrandizement.

But despite the mistakes of reconstruction, the result of the war in abolishing African slavery meant the removal of the one great barrier to the national fulfilment. It meant the economic emancipation of the South, and that those complex, expansive forces that had already revolutionized to a great extent the

North and West, were through the energies of her people to transform the South, till she had become like the rest of the country; so that there might be at length, among the whole body of the people, that unity of thought and feeling which is the very spirit of nationality, and through which the legal union is secure.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

NOW these were visions in the night of war:
I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Sent down a grievous plague on humankind,
A black and tumorous plague that softly slew
Till nations and their armies were no more—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Decreed the Truce of Life:—Wings in the sky
Fluttered and fell; the quick, bright ocean things
Sank to the ooze; the footprints in the woods
Vanished; the freed brute from the abattoir
Starved on green pastures; and within the blood
The death-work at the root of living ceased;
And men gnawed clods and stones, blasphemed and died—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Bowed the free neck beneath a yoke of steel,
Dumbed the free voice that springs in lyric speech,
Killed the free art that glows on all mankind,
And made one iron nation lord of earth,
Which in the monstrous matrix of its will
Moulded a spawn of slaves. There was One Might—
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Palsied all flesh with bitter fear of death.
The shuddering slayers fled to town and field
Beset with carrion visions, foul decay,
And sickening taints of air that made the earth

One charnel of the shrivelled lines of war.
And through all flesh that omnipresent fear
Became the strangling fingers of a hand
That choked aspiring thought and brave belief
And love of loveliness and selfless deed
Till flesh was all, flesh wallowing, styed in fear,
In festering fear that stank beyond the stars—

And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Spake very softly of forgotten things,
Spake very softly old remembered words
Sweet as young starlight. Rose to heaven again
The mystic challenge of the Nazarene,
That deathless affirmation:—Man in God
And God in man willing the God to be . . .
And there was war and peace, and peace and war,
Full year and lean, joy, anguish, life and death,
Doing their work on the evolving soul,
The soul of man in God and God in man.
For death is nothing in the sum of things,
And life is nothing in the sum of things,
And flesh is nothing in the sum of things,
But man in God is all and God in man,
Will merged in will, love immanent in love,
Moving through visioned vistas to one goal—
The goal of man in God and God in man,
And of all life in God and God in life—
The far fruition of our earthly prayer,
“Thy will be done!” . . . There is no other peace!

FEMINISM AND POLYGAMY

HENRY WALKER

THE late Mayor Gaynor once pointed to the root of the prevailing feminine unrest in his prescription of marriage as a sedative; but, naturally enough, he did not carry the diagnosis—and prognosis—to logical conclusions. Mr. H. G. Wells and others in England have discussed the problems from this viewpoint, with keen insight, but also leaving much unsaid.

The tendency of the day is toward plain speaking, based upon sincere endeavor toward clear thinking and accurate knowledge. It is therefore not a little odd that no one has yet had the courage to name the true goal of the feminist movement, of which the suffrage agitation is but a minor part.

That goal is polygamy: legalized, regulated by the State; respectable, and “moral.”

This may seem a paradox, and revolting. But its correctness will readily appear upon analysis, if the thinker will but divest himself of superficial prejudice, and will frankly admit the *fact*, patent to any clear-sighted observer, that the experiment of theoretically strict monogamy has never been a success. It has never existed as an actual condition at any period of the world's history, and does not exist to-day. The tragically familiar figure of the prostitute is, alone, a sufficient proof, although until recently she has been politely ignored. She will never disappear until mankind (and womankind) has been radically made over, or until there is a revival of some scheme of the relations of the sexes more rational and possible than strict monogamy.

The quarrel of the feminists with the existing order of things—their clamor for “equal rights and equal opportunities”—is essentially a quarrel with the present convention of sexual relations, all other elements being of minor import and for the most part distinctly subsidiary to this. Despite the paradoxical sound of it, a legitimized polygamy is the only scheme by which the demands of the women can be met, with safety and justice to them

and to the State. That is the proposition, a demonstration of which is here outlined.

But first a few needed postulates.

Before attempting to deal with the essence of this feminism—a dynamic, almost world-wide movement of immense potentialities—it is necessary to clear the ground by a few preliminary propositions: elementary, but often ignored or misunderstood in discussions of the problems, even by the ultra-feminists themselves.

It is impossible to debate these matters with those who think they find the sanction of the canons of sexual morality in some supernatural, “absolute” law. Such a position, of course, can only be held in blind ignorance of all history and anthropology. That it is held by many people—well-meaning, noble-souled, but not clear-headed—and that it has been a tenet of most of the Christian churches is to-day the chief obstacle to any rational solution of the problem. Former president Eliot admitted in a notable speech that “sad to say, the Christian religion has at all times until very recently regarded these topics” (*i. e.*, sexual relations) “as something foul”; although, as Dr. Eliot quoted with approval, “the continuation of the race is the most ennobling act given to man.” With full appreciation of the incalculable benefits of Christianity it must be admitted that the Church has been, certainly for the past few centuries, the one institution which has done the most to foster and maintain prostitution with all its unspeakable evils—although, of course, this was farthest from its intention.

Were this not so it would be unnecessary to point out that sex *mores* are purely conventional. This is writ large in all the researches of the anthropologists and historians. Sex customs have varied and still vary in different periods, among different peoples, according to variant climates, economic conditions, temperament, ideas of hygiene (“eugenics”) and a host of minor factors. To cite but one familiar illustration: there was nothing startling or immoral to the Egyptian in the marriage of brother and sister under the Ptolemies, although to us the idea is abhorrent. That these laws are conventional makes them none the

less binding, while the conventions are in force: but they can be changed.

It follows that polygamy, concubinage, or any other form of marital custom may readily again become as legitimate, familiar, and respectable as our present theory of monogamy. It is not possible here to give even a *résumé* of the history of marriage. It is easily accessible in any library, and there would be no need even to mention it, save to forestall the pre-judgment of those who are wont to consider the topic from an impossible standpoint.

Next—and this also to forestall futile argument—there are those who believe it possible to make over the human race, radically. Such a regeneration is, indeed, conceivable. In fact, in some respects, it has been accomplished in that man is doubtless a better being on the whole than he was a few thousand years ago: effective altruism, for example, is a rather modern growth. But in respect to sexual relations it is gravely to be doubted whether any radical reconstruction of human nature is possible—or desirable. Certainly it is not possible by legislation, nor by any violent or rapid means. Women and men are not materially different to-day in their sexual needs and desires, in the very roots of their being, from what they were in the days of Solomon and the lady of Sheba, or of the prehistoric cave-dweller of perhaps fifty thousand years ago. Nor need we hope to gain anything by making them different, granted that we could. (Indeed, the ultra ascetic ideal is criminally stupid.) The fundamentals of life remain as they were ages before the pyramids were built: the need of and consequent struggle for food, shelter, and, most potent of all, sexual satisfaction; and this last not solely or even chiefly for its own sake but for reproduction,—which the late Dr. Morrow truly called the “most ennobling act given to man,” the very core of all existence, the denial of which is—death, to the individual and the race. The supreme importance of reproduction is, moreover, increasingly emphasized as we ascend the scale of civilization. The struggle for mere existence, for food and shelter is recognized as meaningless without it.

Further, it may be admitted that the ideal of strict monogamy is perhaps the loftiest, certainly the most inspiring—from

the æsthetic standpoint, and from considerations of the individual alone. But it is very doubtful whether it is the best from the viewpoint of the race as a whole. The value of self-restraint and discipline to the individual is obvious; but perhaps the Greek ideal *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, "nothing too much," is wiser still. Too much restraint may, itself, be a lowering of aims. And most certainly, under modern conditions the women suffer loss from an attempt to attain it. It may be dismissed from this discussion with the suggestion that the establishment of polygamy would in no wise prevent any individual remaining as strictly monogamous as he pleased.

This calls up a further necessary qualification. There is always a small number—a very small number—of individuals "at the top"; an aristocracy of brains and will power. These "supermen" may be left out of the discussion, since the law is not needed for them, nor are they in any way suffering from the present imperfect adjustment. The women of this aristocracy are not restive or dissatisfied, for themselves, however deeply they may be concerned for the sake of their less capable, weaker sisters. And at the other end of the human scale is the "submerged" stratum, the lowest in ability, the "frustrate and unfit"; and these are, equally, of little moment here, for the reason that any change will have little or no effect upon them, and more particularly because in this stratum there is never a surplus of females.

The readjustment of marriage chiefly concerns the great middle classes—numerically vastly preponderant, forming perhaps seven-eighths or more of the whole. The question is acute throughout the upper half of these, the moderately well-to-do, economically and intellectually, and it tends to become more acute as culture and prosperity increase. It is a live issue in the large communities, industrial centres, congested countries. For, of course, the root of it is, as Mayor Gaynor suggested, the surplus of females.

Statisticians may tell us that there is no such surplus, but their figures need qualification. Taking the world at large, or even the United States as a whole, it may be true, but the inferences are vastly misleading, since it is also true that the three main

divisions, just outlined, vary greatly from each other in this respect, and that throughout many strata of the middle classes there is an unquestionable excess of women. The small class at the top is negligible; and their birth rate is intelligently controlled. The lowest class always has a surplus of males, due, most investigators allege, to insufficient nutrition. But in the great middle ranks there is a noteworthy excess of females, increasing, usually, as prosperity increases, up to a certain point. Furthermore, the distribution is uneven. A preponderance of men in our West, or in newer countries, does not mitigate the surplus of women in an eastern centre or in England.

From these middle classes come the great armies of women workers—the clerks, stenographers, nurses, school teachers, shop girls, of our great cities; and also the pathetically frustrate “maiden lady” who may not be obliged to work, and is quite at a loss to know what to do with her fruitless life. From these come Mayor Gaynor’s million and a half of “extra” women in England; for the male deficiency there is not now greatly due to emigration.*

Census figures show about 17,000,000 unmarried persons over twenty years old, in the United States; about 9,000,000 women and 8,000,000 men. Of the men a very large proportion belong to the lowest strata, economically; those unable to support a wife under any circumstances. They include also a large number of recent immigrants who have not “found themselves.” But the vast bulk of the 9,000,000 women belong to the great middle classes, most of them in the large cities and industrial centres. Moreover, it must be remembered that only a microscopic percentage of the men are living a life of strict continence or celibacy.

The evils resulting from this condition under monogamy may be broadly named as two: prostitution, and a vast army of “virtuous” but unhappy, starved, futile-lived women. From these arises the demand that is struggling for a voice in feminism, although many of their married sisters (generally childless) join in the cry, for various reasons, the chief of which is the difficulty and the stigma of divorce.

* An obvious result of the European war will be a great increase in the surplusage of women in the countries involved; it will also appear here, in less degree, in the form of immigration.

The only apparently weighty objection to polygamy—the economic—may be noted parenthetically, and laid aside for later consideration; it can be met.

What, then, are the demands of these feminists? To answer in the words of one of their spokesmen: "Feminism," says Mr. W. L. George, "can be defined broadly as a furthering of the interests of women, more specifically as the social and political emancipation of women, and philosophically as the levelling of the sexes."

Further: "We wish to establish that the intellectual capacities of the two sexes, though different, are not unequal.

"We wish to arrive at a state when the differences between men and women will be reduced to sexual differences, because these alone are natural.

"We wish to establish a state of balance when sex differences will remain, but when sex *privileges* will vanish.

"We do not propose to establish free-love; we propose to establish freedom in choice, which is not the same thing. It is conceivable that a generation better convinced than is ours of the equal rights of the sexes, might do away with the marriage contract and edict that men and women should freely come together or separate . . . I imagine that under feminism there will be room for alliances of every kind."

Mr. George sums up as "these freedoms, economic, and mental, and physical."

Analysis of these demands for the "furthering of the interests of women," social, political, mental, economic, and physical, will show that they can be reduced to one, and that is the last—the "physical,"—by which can only be meant a readjustment of sexual relations, both as to rights and "privileges." All the other lines of proposed change (except the "mental," which is mostly nonsense) lead directly to this one, and are of no significance apart from it.

"Social" emancipation seems meaningless in this country—and everywhere else in the civilized white world, except perhaps in feudal Germany: that is, if it is to be interpreted as something distinct from what Mr. George calls the "physical." Women, in general, suffer no "social" restrictions except such as result

from the ideal of monogamy, and its corollaries: the preservation of virginity in the unmarried, and strict chastity in the married.

Political freedom—if that means the right to vote—is obviously within their reach whenever it is plain that an effective majority of women desire it. This, at least, seems clear in this country, and is probably true of the other nations, with the possible exceptions of Germany and England, and in these the remnants of mediævalism seem to be breaking down. (In England the case is peculiar because of the outbreak of insane hysteria on the part of the militants, which confused the real issues.)

It is also, apparently, demonstrated by what experience we have of equal suffrage that its results to the women themselves are practically nothing: fundamental conditions remain unchanged. This may not continue, perhaps, if the majority of women attain a clear conception of the use of the ballot as a means of helping toward their real desires. But reforms—wide social readjustments—are never brought about by legislation alone. Law is, in general, the formal expression of established custom. No arbitrary statutes can effectively initiate a radical change; they follow it, giving it express sanction.

What can be meant by “mental” freedom is difficult to understand. This generation finds no restrictions laid upon women, as women, in respect to what or how they shall think, or study, or develop their minds. Intellectual effort and growth is as open to the girl as to the boy; in fact, it is generally freer so far as it is compassed by schooling and opportunities for acquiring mental development. It is many years, now, since any branch of knowledge has been effectively taboo to the women.

“Economic freedom” deserves more careful consideration, especially if it is to be construed to mean economic independence—which seems to be the idea. But here again we are confronted by the fact that, as to one class of women,—the unmarried,—they have economic “freedom” already, to the fullest extent. And—to anticipate—they do not like it. It is probably easier for a girl to earn some sort of a living for herself, than for a boy. There is quite as great a demand for her labor, skilled or unskilled, as for his. No trade, or business or profession, for which she is physically capable, is closed to her—if she wishes to

try it. In the "learned" professions it is probably much easier for her to establish herself—as lawyer, or doctor, let us say—than for her brother; partly because she is still a rarity in such fields. Of course, we must assume equal intellectual ability, here. Teaching is very largely (some critics claim too largely) in her hands. All the way down the scale from the woman physician or college president to the lowest type of unskilled factory operative, the privilege of being economically independent is as open to her as to the boy or man; the quality of the "living" gained being dependent upon her ability, just as in his case. For it will usually be found that where she is earning less wages than a man for similar work it is because she is economically worth less—not because of any lack of "opportunity." It may be admitted that this has not always been so, especially in England, but it is true, to-day, in the main. Economic laws, including that of supply and demand, are paramount to any question of sex. If her work is worth more than his she can command the higher wage—as she sometimes does.

There can be no doubt that the opportunity of "economic freedom" is open to the unmarried woman. But—and this is the crux of the matter—she does not want it. In fact she detests and resents it when it is forced upon her. To be obliged to be self-supporting, independent, is precisely what she feels as a stigma of failure in life. The enormous majority of stenographers, clerks, shop girls, teachers, regard their self-supporting efforts as temporary—as, indeed, they are in most cases. The residue who are compelled to continue may make a pretence of liking it, but every woman knows it is a sham. If you could get a truthful answer from them not one independent woman worker in ten thousand could be found who would not gladly leave her typewriter or ribbon counter for a home and love and children of her own—that is, for a normal, healthy sexual life. Naturally and properly so—because it is the voicing of a law of nature, more fundamental and universal than any other; a law that cannot be repealed, or even amended by any legislature—a law, moreover, that inevitably brings its penalties in the breach, whether such breaking of it is voluntary or not. And therein lies, to no small extent, the tragedy of the superfluous woman.

There seems no solution of her problem within the limits of our present ideals of marriage.

The demand for economic independence on the part of the married woman is a different matter, and calls for a different answer. That such a demand exists in some quarters cannot be denied; but it is also true that it is much less vehement and much less widespread than the reformers would have us believe. The great majority of married women do not feel any degrading or even unpleasant sense of economic dependence, nor do their husbands regard them as mere "dependents" or slaves. They realize that their share of the joint labor is quite as important as his—if not more so—not only to themselves and their children but to the State. The not uncommon characterization of marriage to-day as a form of slavery is nonsense. The vast majority regard it rightly as a partnership. The complaints come from the unhappily married; and their complaint is just, the answer being greater freedom of divorce—which, to the childless at least, should be as easy as the dissolution of any other partnership. The difficulty of divorce, with its attendant miseries and tragedies, is another maleficent creation of the Christian Church.

The normal married woman does not want economic independence in the sense of earning her own living in the same way her husband does. To the few women who do make such a demand the reply is that it is impossible, if she is to fulfil her share of the marital contract adequately. She cannot bear and rear children with justice to them and to herself if she is also obliged to bear the burden of wage earning. Whenever she is forced to do so by circumstances (as happens only too often) it is an injustice of the fates, detrimental to her and to the children. The rare cases of highly intellectual women—writers, artists, musicians, who sometimes can perform both functions adequately, are so few as to be negligible; and even there the double effort is apt to result in the unwise delegation of some of the duties of motherhood. "Wagner singen,—Kinder haben—Kinder haben—Wagner singen—schweres Leben." Such is said to be the verdict of one of the greatest of living singers; and but few, even of the elect, have measured up to her efficiency in both callings.

If by economic independence for married women is meant an

equal right in and to the joint property, she has it now,—and more. The jealousy of the law (man-made) for her property rights is a commonplace; there is no need to linger upon that.

To speak of woman as “enslaved” by man and oppressed by man-made laws is arrant bosh. It is true that a cruelly heavy portion of the duties of life in the fulfilment of the destiny of the race—to what mysterious ultimate end we know not—has been laid upon women. But it was not placed there by man, nor by his laws. It is the decree of nature herself, made when the sexes were differentiated from one into two. Man has done all he could, especially in modern times, to lighten the burden for her. “And He shall gently lead those that are with young.”

There remains, then, of all these elements in the demands for the “furthering of the interests of women,” only the “physical,”—that is, philosophically speaking, a “levelling of the sexes” to a state of balance wherein “sex privileges will vanish.”

This can only mean a demand for greater freedom in sexual life; for the woman now unmarried a chance to live, somehow, a normal wholesome sexual existence; for the woman now unhappily married a chance to try again, to better her condition by free divorce. For they “do not propose to establish free love,”—but “freedom of choice”; which means a right to choose a legitimate, respectable escape from enforced celibacy, on the one hand, and a choice of freedom from an irksome, unfruitful, or unsatisfactory union on the other.

The latter is far the less in importance, for many reasons. The tendency toward freedom of divorce is marked already, in most countries; the rational measure of such freedom can no doubt be attained by progressive legislation, and will be, wherever desired, without any other radical revision of marital custom and law. The State is properly interested in divorce only in so far as the rights of children are concerned; but here it is very greatly interested, and must intervene to forbid injury or loss to them. No other restrictions upon divorce than those necessary for the protection of children are logical or likely to remain long in effective force. The feminist ideal of “freedom of choice” as to divorce is comparatively easy of attainment, but it would still

leave the larger and more vital problem unsolved. It may be predicted, plausibly, that the re-establishment of a system of legitimate polygamy would go far toward lessening divorce by relieving some of the unnatural tensions due to the present monogamous ideal with its faulty workings.

The really dynamic demand for the feminists is that other cry for "freedom of choice" coming from the "extra" women. This cannot be met by "free love" nor by any form of polyandry, since nature has decreed that if a child results from the union it is the woman who bears it. In this greatest of all tasks she needs, and is entitled to have the sustenance, protection and care of the father; furthermore the child is also entitled to this. The State is here concerned; uncertainty of paternity cannot be permitted for many obvious reasons. There is no form of polyandry or group-marriage conceivably adapted to modern civilized conditions. Moreover the women themselves do not want it; their demand is not primarily for any form of "free love," for the normal woman is naturally monandrous. Where she is not, the cause is apt to be accidental or pathological; and we are here concerned solely with the normal, healthy persons of both sexes, and may disregard the diseased or abnormal. The reason for the monandrous tendency in women is plain; its roots lie in the facts of child-bearing. That is the fundamental answer to absurdities of the *Hindle Wakes* sort, recently propounded by Mrs. Milholland Boissevain.

On the other hand, man, as has been pointed out, is "very imperfectly monogamous." In fact, physically and normally he tends to be about as monogamous as a rooster. The restraints he has imposed upon himself, as ideals, and the other restraints imposed upon him by the complexities of the modern struggle for existence, may, often, inure to his individual benefit (although by no means always so), but they are contrary to the ordinances of nature, and, conceivably, are often a detriment to the race as a whole. How many men who read this—men, say, of forty, married or bachelors, have confined their sexual relations to but one woman? If the answer is honest everyone knows what it must be. A bad condition of affairs—a blot on our civilization? Doubtless. But the remedy is not to be found by pretending

that it does not exist, nor by any tightening of futile rules of prohibition. It is hardly necessary to go into the physiology of it, but it may be worth remarking that his normally reproductive sexual life often extends well toward his last years, whereas the woman's naturally limits itself to a period of at most thirty years—and during much of that time, during pregnancy and for a considerable period after child-birth, she should be (and usually is) free from sexual intercourse. Meanwhile her husband's reproductive power and his normal need for its exercise do not cease. And often when the man may be at his best mentally and physically,—most fitted to become a father,—the wife has passed beyond the child-bearing age. The loss to the race is obvious. As a brutal fact he very often finds some other woman to make up the deficiency; and that this intercourse is in the enormous majority of cases definitely non-reproductive is in itself a most demoralizing thing, greatly detrimental to the individual and to the State, for it may be asserted, without possibility of rational contradiction, that sexual intercourse should be reproductive, or intended to be so—otherwise it degenerates into mere lust, and becomes hateful instead of glorifying.

To return—the essence of the woman's demand for a free choice, the right to live a natural sexual life, is rooted not primarily in her sexual desires but rather in her passionate yearning for motherhood, since it can scarcely be doubted that this is the one thing she wants most. The observation and experience of the centuries have so abundantly proved this central fact, that when one finds a woman questioning or denying it, one must conclude that if she is really honest in her denial she is an abnormality—in some sense a “defective”—but usually such denials are mere bravado, a “bluff.” A trained nurse was once found in a certain hospital in hysterical tears—because she envied the mother whose agonies she had been witnessing; “because,” as she said, “it's not *my* baby!” The incident is illuminative. No doubt this impulse is often subconscious, and but dimly realized, especially by the young maid, but it is there, and is really the mainspring of her existence, to which all else that she is is subsidiary. There is no more tragically frustrate being than the childless woman of over thirty. Parenthetically, it may be as-

served that the man's desire for children is greatly more potent than some of the feminist critics realize; it is one of the strongest motive forces of the mature man, and without its fulfilment he feels himself incomplete; in a sense, meaningless.

Travelling along these two lines of thought—the desire of every normal woman for a complete, wholesome sexual life, her demand for the chance to become a mother, her “right” to a full “freedom of choice” and, on the other hand, the glaring imperfections of the present monogamous system, with its rules which age-long experience has shown to be ineffective, resulting in what the feminists call the masculine “sex privileges” which mean nothing but the privilege of breaking these rules with comparative immunity from harm to himself,—one finds that they converge to the same conclusion: namely, that the only way out is by a form of polygamy, for in no other can the legitimate demands of the women be met with safety and protection to themselves and to the children, and no other system could go so far toward minimizing, if not destroying, prostitution, and the other evils of our attempt at monogamy.

Under an enlightened polygamy the status of the second wife need be no less respectable and dignified than that of the first; her children as legitimate, and as much entitled to the father's care and maintenance as those of the first wife. This result cannot be attained by any other method of granting her the sexual life and privileges she asks.

Indeed, there are but two objections: the sentimental and the economic. The former would soon disappear, for it is no more than an acquired habit of mind, and that, too, a recent growth. The women themselves would be the first to outgrow it; for it is a commonplace observation that in polygamous civilizations the women are the most devoted adherents of the system. It was so in the Mormon experiment. It would be a mistake, however, to draw analogies too closely from Mormonism or from the existing polygamous countries of Asia, since the form of polygamy likely to be evolved to-day, in France or England or here, for instance, would differ materially from these. So far from further “enslaving” the women, it would doubtless give them greater freedoms. And it may be noted that the woman who

to-day keeps her husband devoted and faithful to her alone will still be able to achieve that result under changed conditions. On the other hand it is quite likely that the first wife will often be the one to urge her husband to take a second, as did Sarah, although it is to be hoped she will treat number two better than Sarah did Hagar. That the idea is repulsive to us now is no indication that it will remain so. Sexual customs are peculiarly subject to mutation. Times change—"et nos mutamur in illis." The sentimental objection may be lightly regarded.

The economic difficulty at first seems weightier. It will be said, with truth, that the average man has all he can do now to take care of one wife and a family. But let him ask himself how much he is contributing, directly or indirectly, to the support of women not his wife or young daughter. For one item—and that a small one, comparatively—who pays the wage of the prostitute? Even if he keeps himself personally clear of her, does he not pay his share, in some way, of her heavy drain upon the community, not merely in money, in taxation, in the maintenance of hospitals, police, courts, in combatting disease, and in many minor ways, but also in the great economic loss to the State from the evil effects of her existence upon the efficiency and health of her patrons? Ask any experienced physician as to the prevalence of her diseases, and the incalculable harm they do. It will be objected that prostitution is not unknown in polygamous countries. Doubtless: but it would become possible—at least it is plausible to hope so—for a feminist-polygamous State so to regulate and reduce it as to make it comparatively negligible, and in time to destroy it. No human institution is likely to be perfect; but this seems to point the way to the only possible elimination of the prostitute. She did not exist in Utah in Mormon times.

But far greater than the money cost of the prostitute is the contribution made by nearly every man toward the support or partial support of unmarried women. There is scarcely a head of a family anywhere who does not help toward the maintenance of some unmarried relative or dependent. Very few of the working women are entirely self-supporting; a few at the top of the scale, and more at the bottom. The great majority, in between, live at home, and are far from earning all of their own

living. Under a logically worked out scheme of polygamy the man, instead of aiding the support of his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" and his adult daughters, would probably be maintaining a second wife. It would amount to no more than a shifting of the persons he works for; a redistribution of the task. And it would eliminate many of the women who work for their living now, and thus open a wider field of employment to the men. For it may be assumed that in the feminist State there would be very few unmarried women; in time, none.

It would need a much longer discussion than this can be to examine all the phases of what a modern, rationalized, enlightened polygamy might become. But it seems clear that if the feminists are to have their way, if they are so to reconstruct our customs that there shall be a state of balance wherein the "sex privileges" will vanish, and the women shall have the freedom of choice they ask, it can only be attained by re-establishing polygamy.

UPPER SECOND AVENUE

WALTER STOREY

THE beauty of the night rain in the street.

A wind-blown, all-pervading, penetrating rain, soaking into my clothing and beating against my face; I am filled with its transforming beauty.

Far down the street the high approach to the great bridge looms, gigantic and dim, spanning the thoroughfare; on both sides of the avenue the tall, yellow lighted tenements mass in bulky silhouette under a dull, inclosing night. Against this background the purple-blue sparks of electric lights gleam sharply in the rain-soaked blackness.

Enveloped in the darkness black, indistinguishable masses rumble along the street, gradually taking on the forms of horses and trucks as they draw near; in the blurred glare from numberless store-windows, shawl-covered women and dripping men hurry by, and bedraggled children, formless under old coats, appear and disappear in the wet gloom.

And always enmeshed in this sentient beauty, I feel the pulse and ebb of the ever moving life, the day's work and the evening's rest, the love and hate, and the onward groping of restless, seeking souls. This wonderful life and the street in the rain, intermingling, surges around me, pervades me, appealing sometimes with sensitive passion, sometimes with crude force, to be voiced. With tiny hands the soul of the street clutches at my lips, my hands, my heart, but I stand stupid as this wonderful pageant passes.

Ah, the beauty of the night rain in the street!

THE TREND TOWARD MATERIALISM

A Study of Tendencies, Causes and Remedies

ARTHUR STOCKS

HENRY DRUMMOND wrote: "If the Natural Laws were run through the Spiritual World, man might see the great lines of religious truth as clearly and simply as the broad lines of science," and "the final gain would appear in the department of theology." Is it too much to believe that if some master analyst were to trace the workings of Spiritual Law winding its way down through the centuries, and synthesize the results of that stupendous task, the results would appear in an awakened spirituality throughout the entire civilized world—a modern renaissance? What a theme it would be! The Evolution of Ethics. From patriarch to priest, from priest to hierarch, from hierarch to dogma, from dogma to doubt, from doubt to conflict, from conflict to a new starting point. Or, along the lines of social evolution, first privilege (materialism) flatters public opinion through the medium of servile pens and economic parasites; then through self-interest it coerces that same public opinion until man bows down before the golden calf and tarries by the flesh pots. Follows that private interests intrench themselves behind a bulwark of privilege made laws; laws beget precedents; materialism becomes seemingly supreme; justice, entwined by a thousand insignificant threads of precedent, becomes subservient to law. Man's economic burdens grow; he awakens; the spiritual in him revolts at a seeming political equality fronting an apparent economic inequality. He rebels; he tears down the barriers; he unmakes privilege-made laws, and incidentally many good laws because they happen to be in bad company. He makes new laws, many of them unfortunately tending to disrupt industry and society; laws that favor the masses rather than the classes. The pendulum has now reached the other extreme. Spiritual Law, working through human agencies that know little of its import and less of its control, has run its evolutionary orbit. Reaction follows this violent spiritual effort on the part

of the masses; they relax their efforts and their vigilance. They sleep. The pendulum now swings back toward the other extreme to meet new conditions, new principles, new individualities. And so the thread may be followed, step by step, cycle by cycle; out of weakness strength, out of error truth, out of darkness light; the old story of the resurrection, the lesson of the seasons. Life is swallowed up in death, but out of death comes a new life, new hopes, new struggles and new harvests; the harmonious coöperation of the forces of conservation and transformation working out the destinies of the race.

Spiritual Laws governing the evolution of civilization and of personalities (for personalities are the milestones of civilization) are unquestionably just as fixed and arbitrary as Natural Laws governing the evolution of animal or plant life. Given certain conditions and the forms of life indigenous to those conditions appear in either case. To give life in the Natural World requires the energizing influence of sunlight, moisture and air. To give life to thought requires the crystallizing influence of personality plus action. The greatest of involved principles attracts but little attention until brought to the front by the appearance of a champion having that quality of leadership which focusses thought upon himself. Let established conditions be unassailed and they are generally accepted as satisfactory; let them be the object of attack and the very conditions themselves generate their own defenders. Both Spiritual Law and Natural Law provide the means of offence and defence to all their products. The long roots of the oak are its defence against the storms of the centuries. So the eternal principles of right and justice, deep rooted in the public conscience, slumber though they may and ofttimes do, are spirituality's defence against the power of materialism. Somewhat along these lines are the apparent underlying laws of evolution, whether observed in the Natural World or in the Spiritual World. Designate or classify these laws as you will. Say that sunshine, rain and air cause the plant to grow; that opportunity makes the man, or *vice versâ*. The fact remains that principles are the product of conditions and that men are the product of principles. In the Spiritual World, even as in the Natural World, law furnishes its necessary cor-

rective concomitants. It took a Cæsar to make a Brutus, a Charles the First to make a Cromwell, a George the Third to make a Washington, a Douglas to make a Lincoln. And so, in our own immediate times, as it took conditions especially favoring speculative economics to produce a Morgan and a Rockefeller, the conditions of moral disintegration following produced the inevitable corrective concomitants in the persons of Roosevelt and Bryan. Yet ever bear in mind that the personalities are but incidental—the real fact is the involved principle.

Viewing history with this larger perspective we see that it is the fate of civilization ever to be balancing between extremes. The pendulum swings from extreme to extreme. The fight has been fought under different watchwords according as the leaders of different epochs have raised their battle cries: plebeian v. patrician, democracy v. aristocracy, freedom v. thralldom, right v. power, poverty v. prosperity, equality v. privilege, justice v. law; but always with the same underlying note dominating the chorus—spirituality v. materialism. Such has been the evolutionary process in the development of civilization, and looking back over the long vistas of the past this fact stands out with startling clearness: the greatest and most vital force in the world is spirituality; that quality or principle which pertains to the immutable moral relations and obligations of man to man and to his maker. Against such a power the struggles of materialism are hopeless, for materialism is but self interest while spirituality is divine law. The great principle of spirituality has for its objective the mental freedom of the race; not alone nominal equality of political rights but actual equality of legal and economic rights.

When we survey the tremendous advances made by man in the arts and sciences, it is difficult to conceive why the realm of evolved ethics, of spirituality, has remained practically untouched, unless it be that dogmatic theology has stood as an armed sentinel at its sacred portals warning all trespassers to beware. That there is a great hiatus between the relative progress made in the mastery of Spiritual Law and that in the laws governing the arts and sciences is too evident to require discussion. There is a long stretch of evolutionary accomplishment between the

stylus and the perfection press, the ancient caravan and the modern express train, between Isaac Newton and Wilbur Wright, Benjamin Franklin and Guglielmo Marconi. There is a comparatively short stretch of accomplishment between Plato or Aristotle and Herbart or Maeterlinck. Why? Because achievement in the arts and sciences has been crowded forward by material demands; has been applauded by a humanity whose material desires have been gratified by a something which could be seen with the eye and touched with the hand. Achievement in the realm of Spiritual Law has never had this tremendous impetus of popular demand in the same sense. It is a fact that the civilized world, and our own country probably more than all others, has been so intent upon material problems pertaining to bodily needs and personal gratifications that the educational world, even as the ecclesiastical world, has been drawn within the dominating sphere of materialism to such an extent and for so long that we think and speak and act in terms of materialism. Indeed it is the rare exception when men even think of spirituality or of spiritual needs save for the specific purpose of meeting bodily needs.

If this be true, and there seems little room for doubt; if it indeed be true that in the very midst of our boasted civilization there has developed a moral and a spiritual apathy so deeply imbedded in our national consciousness, it is indeed well that we pause and seriously inquire whether the organs of our national spiritual life are giving efficient service in the performance of their most vital functions, viz.: the development and sustainment of a rational spirituality. If not, why not? The answer, though it may be thought to savor of temerity by many, will appeal to all sincere thinkers, and seekers after truth. It is that we as a nation are toiling under the shadow of a materialism so insidiously cankerous in its operations that it has eaten into the very marrow of our national life, affecting alike the home, the school and the church, which we may reasonably designate as the three important organs of national spiritual life. The danger lies in the fact that men do not realize it. They have eaten of the lotos in the land of material prosperity and they have forgotten home.

Do you seriously question the truth of this statement? Enter the privacy of your own home and observe the spiritual conditions there. Your boys and girls know that they have bodies that must be fed and clothed; they know that physical dangers should be avoided; that physical accidents sometimes occasion physical pains, leave physical scars and make physical cripples. They observe and comment upon these things; they are the common gossip of daily life; they are material and can be seen with the eye and touched with the hand. But to what extent do your boys and girls actually realize as a mental concept that they have minds that must be fed and clothed; that spiritual dangers lurk by the wayside; that spiritual accidents occasion spiritual pains, leave spiritual scars and make spiritual cripples? To what extent do you, O man of mature years and material possessions, realize or think upon these things? Of course you never think upon them. Why should you? You were never trained or educated to do so, and besides you are too busy making money to bother about such matters, so you dodge the issue by saying that what was good enough for you in the way of early training is good enough for your children.

Before entering into any extended discussion of remedies, it is well to recognize the fact that we are attacking an established condition; a condition which it is easier to tolerate than to remedy; a condition which is, for lack of serious thought, generally accepted as satisfactory, and which will find its defenders among those who prefer to travel over the beaten path. To that prejudice our answer is that if Franklin had listened to prejudice we should have had no Marconi. The Law of Progress is the Law of Change. No advance was ever made in the history of the world that was not opposed by the "standpatters" of its day, and this rule will hold good until the end of time itself. It is not the intention to enter into any fine spun discussion of speculative philosophy. Rather that we may, from some of the simpler and more evident spiritual phenomena, deduce or call attention to equally simple interpretations that may be translated into action for the common good.

Study the pages of history closely and this fact will be found written thereon in sweat and blood, that when men cease to fight

for a common principle they then begin to fight for a personal interest. Also that when men begin to fight for personal interest corruption follows, and nowhere is this phenomenon more evident than in a study of democracies. As a principle, however, this applies to the relations of nation with nation equally as it does to the relations of individual with individual. International relations must be founded upon the moral standards of the nations involved, and it is of little avail to hope that a spirit of concord and equity will permeate the whole ideal fabric of a brotherhood of nations before we produce a corresponding spirit of concord and equity among the individuals comprising those nations. Common interest implies an element of brotherhood, and brotherhood is a matter of progression beginning with personal family relations and continuing successively through neighborhood, precinct, ward, city, county and state, until we reach the inevitable conclusion that the same principles of moral justice are with equal force applicable and ultimately destined to apply to the brotherhood of nations. With nations as with individuals, therefore, when power secures privilege for some at the expense of others moral prostitution and conflict follow, and disintegration and decay are inevitable. It could not be otherwise, for leaven will work.

The leading statesmen of the world declare that international treaties are worth no more than the paper on which they are written unless backed by the power of arms, nor do we require the spectacle of a power-debauched and powder-ridden humanity in the countries of Europe to confirm that claim. It is, indeed, doubtful if the spirit of moral law is so far developed in any city or community of importance in the entire civilized world that the power of conventional civilization would, of itself, be sufficient to carry with it the strict observance of written law. If then local laws, with their closer ties of community interest, require the presence of authorized force to compel their observance, how much more must it be true in the case of vague and equivocal international laws and treaties, with infinitely greater material interests involved. And this leads to a sweeping deduction, viz.: that the evolution of international comity must eventually lead to a World Federation which shall absolutely control all of the

armament in existence, limiting each individual nation, as such, to the requirements of internal police duties. It means that the manufacture of explosive compounds of all types and descriptions shall ultimately come under the jurisdiction of such a World Federation, just as the manufacture of alcoholic compounds in our own country comes under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. It means that the interests of civilization will ultimately demand a Supreme Court of the World, a Court of Last Appeal for the nations of the world, whose decisions and verdicts shall be backed and enforced by the federated power of the entire civilized world. Whether the present unspeakable calamity which has befallen European society will lead to the formation of such a World Federation remains to be seen; but sooner or later society will speak with the voice of supreme authority, an authority that recognizes no international boundary lines, and the claims of material interest, whether individual or national, shall then be subordinated to the interest of mankind as a whole.

The past decade has witnessed a wonderful spiritual awakening in this country. Old political ideas have been shattered, party lines have been broken down, new ideals have been held up before the people, and new lines have been drawn. Great analysts and leaders in political thought have diagnosed the symptoms of the body politic, pointed out its fundamental weaknesses and prescribed remedies. Analysis has been followed by synthesis, thought by action, and the result has been and now is apparent over the length and breadth of the land. Do we not need equally competent spiritual leaders, synthesists as well as analysts, who shall study the body spiritual as the skilled physician studies the body physical, that we may know whether the organs of our spiritual life are performing their functions in an efficient manner? Do not the very facts of our present social-economic awakening afford ground for questioning whether these organs (the home, the church and the school) are in a healthy condition? Has this revolution, for such it has been, been brought about as a result of or in spite of their influence and effort? These conditions developed gradually, as a result of economic conditions already suggested, and they produced their own correctives in

the dominating personalities of Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan, who have been the generally recognized champions of the involved principles and whose forceful presentations and appeals have been exploited, disseminated and enlarged upon over the entire country by the public press—the most potently active educative force extant. Church and school have, to say the least, played very unimportant parts in the matter.

We observe the same general phenomena, in smaller spheres, very frequently in our cities, where the social problem, the liquor problem and problems of local economics develop to aggravating proportions, finally resulting in an aroused public consciousness which is ultimately crystallized into public action by the dominating influence of some local personality. We have seen, and we shall see time and again, such phenomena invariably followed by a relaxation of effort as the public interest wanes and sinks back into drowsiness, at which time materialism once more stealthily begins its fight for power. We may observe it in the case of individuals who, moved by some transient moral impulse, make resolutions looking forward to purer, nobler lives, only to fall back into the old rut when the impulse passes away. Also we see it in individual cases where men seek to throw off some yoke of economic or associational bondage, but yield to obstacles and sink lower than before. Why this seeming transitoriness of spiritual effort? We answer again—materialism. It is easier to act than to think. Men are accustomed to fight only what they can see with the physical eye. Not until the civilized world recognizes the difference between cutting off limbs and tearing up roots, between legislative coercion and spiritual education along the lines of rational character building, shall we attain permanent advancement along moral lines. It is doubtful if coercive legislation on problems involving questions of morals has ever in the entire history of the race achieved more than temporary results. Certainly convention (that crystallizing of the ideas of the many into a general rule of conduct for all so that it eventually becomes a recognized though unwritten social law) has had a greater influence than legislation. Such problems are to be settled, not in the halls of legislation, but in the home and the school, with the assistance of the church along lines of spiritual education. Legis-

lation may punish crime and make it hazardous; convention may make it unpopular and unattractive; but education alone will prevent it; and it is infinitely better and far cheaper to prevent crime than to punish it or cure it.

And so we arrive at the conclusion that humanity's hope for a richer spiritual life lies largely in the home and the school, with a rejuvenated, dogma-freed church to counsel and assist. It would be foolish to gainsay the tremendous influence of the church in the moulding of racial characteristics, yet we suspect that the church has claimed credit for much that is simply the natural outgrowth of the conventionalities of civilized society. Where Jesus concerned himself with principles and character, the church has concerned itself much with conventional rules and duties. Where Jesus confined himself to spirituality, the church has allowed itself to sink into materialistic views and man-made dogmas. While worshipping at the throne of a common God, the dogma-bred and convention-bound Christian World for centuries pictured the material gates of pearl and streets of gold, and formulated out of great spiritual principles a species of common soul insurance based upon its dogmas. But dogma spells death, for dogma says, "thus far and no farther" and by its inherent qualities and its very nature precludes freedom of growth; and life cannot exist, either physically or spiritually, without growth. As in the Natural World the frailest flower or the mightiest oak must die if their avenues of expansion be shut off and they be precluded from life-giving air and sustenance, so in the Spiritual World the frailest or the mightiest of dogmatisms must, as such, ultimately perish of suffocation and lack of nourishment; for being artificially enclosed and sealed they are incapable of obtaining sustenance from the sources of spiritual life or exhaling into the world their spiritualizing effusions. Creeds represent but the dogmatic horizons of finite minds; they are bounded by the shadows of an unknown to-morrow. The humanity of to-morrow passes beyond the darkened limits of to-day's vision and with its more extended vision, forward and backward, renounces the horizon of yesterday's creed and looks out over a larger expanse of human progress, human hopes and human complexities. The involved principles are not changed. The change has

been a matter of vision—point of view. Man arrogantly assumed to define the limits of truth, but truth waited not on man's dogmas or opinions. Goodness and justice and purity are not matters of dogma or creed, but of daily life. The great mission of the church is not to teach men how to die but how to live, and not until the church fully realizes that fact, as did its great founder and leader, will it attain its rightful place and perform its normal functions in the Spiritual World. Jesus said "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Is not the modern church worker inclined to emphasize "Blessed are the pure in *body*; for they shall see God"? Jesus taught temperance, based upon spiritual education; the modern church teaches prohibition, based upon legislative coercion. The method of Jesus went away beyond any liquor or social problem. It went away down into the very principles of life itself and was infinitely more far reaching. Even so the church must feed the people with spiritual principles rather than with conventional rules if it would perform its mission in the world.

But if any hopeful movement is ever to be inaugurated looking toward raising the spiritual standards of mankind it must begin at the cradle, with childhood's period of greater docility and receptivity, rather than at the grave. For once let the individual pass beyond the foundation period of life without recognizing the great and vital place of spirituality in his very existence, and the dominating power of materialism day by day and year by year crowds it out of his thoughts and it thereafter plays a secondary part where it ought to be a guiding principle. Not until pioneers blaze the trails of Spiritual Law for the benefit of an advancing civilization, and not until our children, as children, have breathed the air and moved in the atmosphere of spirituality will they later, as men and women, think and speak and act in terms of spirituality even as men now think and speak and act in terms of materialism. The tendency is to begin at the top rather than at the bottom in spiritual effort and research, and while the few are trying to penetrate the abstract clouds from the mountain tops, the many are groping in the concrete fogs of the valleys. We have at hand, so plainly that he who runs may read, the facts for basic work—the primer; but it will be many generations be-

fore the exegesis is compiled. And so we turn to the schools as the most hopeful field for rational spiritual work.

" 'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

The ancient idea of education was wisdom; the modern idea seems to be knowledge. We would not decry the splendid attainment and service of our educational system. It is wonderful, but nevertheless it is representative of a materialistic age. It is not to be expected that we should carry into our public schools a more realistic conception and application of rational spirituality than obtains in the privacy of our homes, for schools are but the expression of and answer to public opinion. It is, however, unquestionably true that no nation or race can ever rise to its full stature of intellectual or moral manhood and womanhood until its boys and girls are specifically trained to regard the spiritual side of life in as actual and comprehensible a manner as they regard the physical side of life; that spiritual muscles are as real as physical muscles; and that the elements of honor, justice, purity and general orderliness go to make up a spiritual being or character that is just as real as is the physical being made up of our different bodily members, and that it is infinitely more important to our well being. It is not necessary, nor would it be wise, that we cease our efforts toward the training of children along practical lines, but would it not be the part of wisdom to devote some time and effort toward making spirituality more of a reality with them? Are we not sacrificing being to becoming? Are we not given to teaching in terms of arithmetic rather than in terms of algebra; giving material rules with which to meet the specific confronting bread and butter problems of to-day (arithmetic) and overlooking the development of broad spiritual character with which to meet and overcome the unforeseen and unnumbered problems of the years to come (algebra)? The greatest teacher the world has ever seen said, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." Without underestimating the value or the place of manual or commercial training in modern educational effort, is it too much to assert that the modern tendency is to say, "Blessed are the proud, whose minds are masterful with the facts

of manufacture and commerce and gain; for they shall inherit the earth"? The material demands are such as to leave but little room for the spiritual, and even our educational leaders see with materialistic eyes. For instance, at this time the educational world is advocating sex hygiene for the public schools. Sex hygiene! What our schools need is not sex hygiene but a spiritual hygiene that shall teach our boys and girls the principles of mental purity. Why attempt to eradicate a great evil by a shameless display of the evil itself, arousing a morbid curiosity in thousands of immature minds? Why not strike at the very foundation by impressing upon the child's mind the basic fact that all impure, unfair and disagreeable actions are but impure, unfair and disagreeable thoughts put into action? The evil—sin if you choose to use that term—is not of the act itself, but lies back of it in the impelling thought, and consists of the failure to control that thought. One of the greatest and most far-reaching burdens that materialism has ever laid upon the race is that it has engraved deeply upon the conventional social conscience the idea that sin is physical—material. Revolting as it may sound to conventional ears, it is, nevertheless, a fact that there is and can be no such thing as physical sin. A stone lies on the sidewalk. A man approaches. He picks up the stone and hurls it through a window, destroying property and possibly life. Did the stone, the hand, the arm, or the body sin? or was it the mind back of the action? Society frowns upon and punishes the material act and overlooks the disordered mentality which impelled the act. Wherein is our legal philosophy better than that of the Spartans who punished their children for being *detected* in theft? Under our penal system, moreover, the innocent probably are made to suffer more than the guilty, for the culprit is cared for, housed and clothed while his dependents are left to shift for themselves. From childhood to old age this form of harmful materialism has for centuries been impressed upon humanity until to-day it amounts practically to an intuitive conception. Adultery is simply an immoral thought put into action; a painting is simply a beauty-thought put into oil; music is a beauty-thought put into tone; an engine is but a mechanical thought done in steel; murder is but a kill-thought put into action. The great reality back of

and dominating all these things is the spirituality or mentality that gave them birth.

With our crude conception of Spiritual Law this topic is not a subject for text book work in elementary schools, although it is a very pertinent topic for normal and college training. Every teacher should be a student of Spiritual Law and able to guide the child mind into a recognition of the involved principles; for the school, to a greater extent than either the home or the church, is the one place above all others where we are equipped to carry on cohesive constructional work along spiritual lines, and the impressionable field of childhood with its freedom from isms and conventionalities affords rich virgin soil ready for spiritual seed.

This leads us to a final consideration of whether the basic purpose of education is the individual or society, becoming or being, and it is well that we think seriously upon this point. National life is but the composite expression of its citizenship. If then the oncoming citizenship be taught to look upon life as a field for individual exploitation, are we not inviting and developing a citizenship whose ambitions will be self-centred, and must we not expect as a specific and natural result that its members will seek individual benefit regardless of common benefit? Is that not the condition which has provoked the social and economic revolution through which we, in common with the entire civilized world, are now passing? And under such conditions is it not inevitable that men will prostrate themselves before the altar of materialism—personal profit? Is not the money worshipping spirit of our country irrefutable evidence that we are drifting toward the idea that the grandeur of our nation consists of its material wealth rather than the spiritual standards of its citizenship? Would that it were possible to enact a national law making it a requirement in every high school course throughout the different States that each pupil be required to write an original essay on the subject, "Education for Citizenship." That would be constructive spiritual work of a high order, and it would cause that once, at least, the attention of each pupil in our high schools should be turned in serious effort and contemplation toward the actual basic purpose of all public school education—citizenship. And, if the element of competitive effort be included, it would in

the course of time attain a traditional importance that would serve, in a sense, to put the successful competitors under bonds that linked them to continued and specific effort along the lines of their own study in citizenship.

Somewhat along the foregoing lines did the mind of the great apostle run when he wrote these words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Here we find a recognition of the spiritual cry for food and raiment which, in our own day and generation, has largely been overlooked in the passion for material things.

EVE'S DAUGHTERS

LUCY HUFFAKER

LIZZIE stood still a moment, holding the shimmering silk stockings in her hand, before putting them back into their box. They were the last pair of green stockings in the stock. She had hoped that the young woman she had been waiting on would take two pairs. Lizzie, promoted recently from cash-girl to saleslady, was an assiduous reader of the advice to working-girls in the Sunday newspapers, and it was her belief that if one worked very hard and very well one was certain to succeed. Lizzie was only sixteen.

But the young woman went on with only one pair of stockings. Lizzie, who was naturally neat, was careful to fold the stockings in the creases and to lay them smoothly under the soft tapes in the pretty box. Her fingers worked slowly because she was thinking that they were exactly the shade of the gown which she was to wear to the dance that evening. It was the newest shade, so the young woman who had bought the stockings had said to her friend.

"Just the color of my new gown," she had exclaimed when she saw them. "Cousin Nan brought it to me from Paris. I hadn't supposed I could match it and so I was going to wear black stockings, but of course that would spoil the effect. The thing to do is to have the stockings match the gown and then wear my black suède slippers."

Lizzie smiled to herself. She had black suède slippers, too. Mrs. Ayer had given them to her mother, because they did not fit. As they did fit Lizzie, they had fallen to her.

For days, Lizzie's mind had been on the pretty gown which she was to wear to the dance. Now it had an added charm, because it was the same shade as the gown which Dorothy Fairchild's Cousin Nan had brought her from Paris. She knew Dorothy Fairchild well, although she had never spoken to her before. She knew who Cousin Nan was. She was Mrs. Montgomery Banks, who had been Nancy Deering, an Easter bride. Lizzie knew that she had returned the week before from her

wedding trip to Europe. Lizzie was an assiduous reader of other things in the Sunday papers besides the advice to working-girls.

As Lizzie put the box of stockings back on the shelf, the smile dimmed out of her face. It was all very well to have a new gown just the color of one which Mrs. Montgomery Banks had bought in Paris and to have a dainty pair of slippers. But what was she to do for stockings? If stockings such as Dorothy Fairchild wore would spoil the effect of the soft green gown, what about the kind which Lizzie wore? Suddenly she saw the coarse cotton stockings which she would have to wear. She had darned them carefully the night before. She hoped the big darn which her old torn shoes had made necessary would not show above the heel of the slipper. But she feared while she hoped.

Lizzie waited on several customers to their satisfaction and without reproof from the floor-walker. Yet, despite the advice to working-girls, she was not thinking of the needs of the customers. She was thinking of her own imperative need. Once she opened her purse. She found what she knew she would find in it, five cents. That was for her carfare home that night. The next day would be pay-day. But being paid made no difference in Lizzie's finances. She always took her pay home and gave it to her mother, who doled her out day by day money for her carfare and her luncheon. Lizzie's mother was neither a tyrant nor a miser. She was a washerwoman.

As one of the customers opened her purse to pay for a dozen pairs of embroidered stockings she had ordered sent to her hotel, Lizzie choked down a gasp in her throat. That was because she saw a great roll of bills which the woman did not disturb in making the payment. One of them, at least, was a twenty-dollar bill. Lizzie, who would receive the next day five dollars for a week's work, had gasped in astonishment, not bitterness. She was not thinking that it was a strange world in which the woman who did no work should have a purse full of bills while the girl who worked all the time should have a nickel and that for carfare. She didn't care at all about the money. But she did care about the stockings. Lizzie was not one to be interested

in the theories of distribution of wealth. These were matters beyond her. But when it came to stockings, Lizzie felt the poignancy of injustice.

The woman with the great roll of bills had started away. Then she turned and came back to Lizzie. "I wonder," she said slowly, as she hunted in her purse for a sample, "whether you have any stockings which would match this?"

Lizzie took the piece of satin in her hand and looked at it as carefully as if its color were not one which had been in her thoughts and dreams for days. It was the very shade of the gown which she was to wear to the dance—and of the one which Dorothy Fairchild's Cousin Nan had brought her from Paris.

"No, madam," Lizzie said, "we have nothing this color. It is the newest shade and we had just a few in early stock. I think we will have more in a few days."

Lizzie couldn't have told why she had refused that sale. An hour later as she slipped the green stockings in her blouse, she did not know that it was in that moment she had planned the theft. Lizzie's reading had never ranged as far as psychology.

All the way home Lizzie thought about the stockings. She was not planning how she could return them the next day, although she meant to do that, of course, if she didn't dance holes in them. She was not debating with herself as to whether she had committed a sin. She was wondering what she would tell her mother about them. She rehearsed several lies to herself, to reject each one in turn. The best plan seemed to be to tear them and say they were thrown aside or that she got them by promising to pay a quarter for them. But her mother would say she couldn't afford to let her pay a quarter for them and unless the stockings were torn too badly to be mended without showing, she would know they had not been thrown away. Lizzie decided it would be best to tell her mother nothing about the stockings. She would wear her old black stockings and change at the hall.

At last she was dressed for the dance. It had been a great occasion in the Scott family. It is doubtful if there had been as much excitement in the Fairchild family when the eldest daugh-

ter made her début. Mrs. Scott had laid out the soft green dress on the bed. There was hot water for Lizzie's bath. The four younger girls had offerings to make toward the perfection of the toilet. Rose had a handkerchief with lace on it, which she had found on the street one day. Jennie had a silver pin which her teacher had given her for perfect attendance at Sunday school, Carrie had a rose-colored scarf for her to wear on her head, and Ella, who was known as the "tight" one of the family, insisted on pouring on Lizzie some of the perfume which was her most precious possession. The boys tried to maintain a sex superiority to the excitements of the toilet, but even they succumbed enough to regret they had nothing to lend to her.

Mrs. Scott, true to mother type, was living over again the great moments of her own youth. She described to the last detail the gown she had worn to her first dance. She bridled as she told that she had every dance taken, that night. Lizzie, true to daughter type, was not interested in the long-ago dance. Then suddenly she asked faintly: "Was it Pa took you to that first dance, Ma?"

"Gracious, no," Mrs. Scott replied. "I had a lot of beaux before I began to go with your father."

At that remark Lizzie lost what interest she had had in her mother's youth. She was thinking it would have been a beautiful thing if her mother had married the young man who had been her escort that night. Her thought stopped there in a blush.

"You go and let him in, Ma," said Lizzie as the bell rang. It was necessary to get her mother out of the room, so she could slip the stockings from their hiding place under the pillow into the box which held her slippers.

In the dressing-room at the hall there was a long mirror. Lizzie smiled in it as she stood preening herself. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were glowing. She took a few steps in front of the mirror to see just how beautiful her feet looked in the silky stockings and the soft slippers. Lizzie had never been so happy before. But even that moment when she stood admiring her own young beauty was to be as nothing to other moments of that night. For Jim Harris kissed her! All evening he had devoted himself to her. He had danced with her so many times

that their friends chaffed them about it. He had pretended, at least, to be jealous because she had danced three times with Joe Gates. He has whispered in her ear as they danced: "You're some looker!" He had asked her to go to Coney Island on Sunday with him. He had said she must come to the next dance with him. He had asked her if she'd like to go some night to the theatre—to a "sure-enough one, not a movie."

Lizzie had never dreamed of such happiness as she was knowing. And then, as they were walking from the car to her home, he had slipped his arm around her. Lizzie seemed to try to draw away from him, but she did it only because that instinct bred in women which tells them they can gain what they want only by seeming to be the giver, not the taker, was speaking to her. For all the heed she gave to them, Lizzie, when first a man sought her lips, might just as well never have read columns of newspaper print on the folly and the dangers of being kissed.

She crept quietly into the flat but not so quietly that her mother did not hear her. Mrs. Scott tip-toed into the room which Lizzie shared with Rose and Ella.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" she whispered as she began to unhook her dress. Perhaps Lizzie's face answered her, for without waiting for her to speak, she went on: "You shouldn't have stayed so late. You'll be all tired out to-morrow."

Lizzie smiled in reply. She knew that she could never be tired again. The world was too beautiful and life and love too wonderful. She wished her mother would go. She wanted to be alone to dream upon the things which had happened that night. At last her mother did go off to bed. Lizzie crept into bed with her sisters. She lay on the edge to be as far from them as possible. She wasn't sleepy and she was glad of it. She wished to stay wide awake with her memories of the dance. She had completely forgotten the stolen stockings except when she recalled how pretty her feet and ankles had been. Even then she did not remember how she had come by the stockings. It was a perfect hour which she was living, without taint of fear or remorse. She grew a little sleepy as the night waned out. It was a delicious feeling like the one she felt when she

had lain back, eyes closed, in Jim Harris's arms, with his lips on hers. At last she drowsed off to sleep. Pressed against her lips was the hand which he had kissed.

When she awoke she looked slowly around the room. It seemed strange that she was there in the dingy little room which she shared with Rose and Ella. She would not have been surprised if she had found herself in a palace. At the breakfast table the family was all eagerness to hear about the dance. She was glad that she had to hurry away in order to be at the store on time. She wanted to be alone to live over again the night before.

She hurried through the employees' entrance to the cloak room. She punched the time-clock with two minutes to spare. Again she had that feeling of strangeness that so many things in the world were just the same, when everything was so different. She hurried to her counter. She could not have kept the smile from her lips if she had tried. But the head of the department standing behind the counter was not smiling.

"Lizzie," she said, "where are those green stockings? The ones at five dollars? There is one pair missing."

Lizzie tried to speak, but she found herself without a voice. She had completely forgotten the stockings and her intention to return them, if she could. Since the hour the night before when she had planned concealing them from her mother, they had not existed to her except as a necessary part of her toilet.

"You'd better come with me," said Miss Seaman.

Lizzie without a word followed her. She knew where they were going. Their store prided itself on having a Welfare Department and all minor troubles were taken there for settlement. Miss Dayton, in charge of the department, was drawing off her gloves as they entered her room. She nodded to Miss Seaman brightly, said "Good morning, my dear" to Lizzie in the tone which she always used with the clerks, and waited for them to tell what brought them to her. She always spoke of the workers in the store as "my girls." She was an incorrigible sentimentalist and although she was given to describing herself as an idealist become disillusioned, she knew no more and probably no less of human nature than she had years before when she took up reform and uplift work.

"Did you take the stockings, dear?" she asked in her gentle voice, when Miss Seaman had stated her suspicion. Then as Lizzie seemed unable to answer, she said: "Never mind, dear. You have told me already."

She reached out her hand to take Lizzie's, lying limply in her lap. Lizzie drew it sharply away. It was the hand which had been pressed to her lips as she had fallen asleep the night before—the hand which Jim Harris had kissed. Lizzie did not answer, so Miss Dayton repeated her question, adding: "Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, dear."

Lizzie told the truth. Pressed for details she told just how she had slipped the stockings from the box into her blouse.

"Why did you take them, dear?" Miss Dayton asked.

"Because I hadn't any stockings to wear to the dance. I had the first new dress I'd ever had in my life and it was just the color of the stockings and so I took 'em."

"You say you had a new dress?"

"Yes, ma'am, I had the first new dress I ever had."

"The first new dress you ever had? What do you mean by that? You mean the first new dress you've had for a long time, don't you?"

Lizzie shook her head. "I mean what I said. You see we've always been poor. Ma washes for a living and the ladies she works for give her dresses, lots of times. There's five girls of us, so sometimes there's a new dress bought. But Rose or Ella always gets it, because though I'm the oldest, they're lots bigger than I am."

"But what has being biggest got to do with getting all the new dresses?"

Lizzie was amazed at such ignorance as Miss Dayton betrayed.

"Why the biggest ones get the dresses so when they outgrow 'em, they'll fit Carrie or Jennie or me. I tell you I never had a really new dress in my life before. And I'd never been to a dance before. Jim Harris asked me to go with him. Ma let me keep half my pay last week and I got the dress at that remnant sale of silk mull. There was enough left over to buy some lace and some ribbon for a sash. A lady Ma washes for gave her some

slippers a while back, that just fit me. So I had everything but stockings. That is why I——” Lizzie hesitated over the word—— “took the stockings.”

“Yes, dear, I see,” said Miss Dayton. “I know all young girls want pretty things. I wish they could all have them. But some can’t. And of course stealing is always wicked. You thought of that, didn’t you, when you took the stockings?”

That was the moment when Lizzie should have lied. But she told the truth. “No, ma’am, I didn’t think of anything but how bad I needed those stockings.”

“But of course you worried about it after you took them, didn’t you, dear?”

“No, ma’am. I had such a good time at the dance; better than I’d ever expected to have since I quit believing in fairies. I danced every dance and——and——” Lizzie broke off suddenly.

“And what, dear?”

“I was the prettiest girl there. Jim said so.”

Miss Dayton was shocked. Moreover she was perplexed. She hadn’t expected the conversation to go like this. She had thought that Lizzie would testify to hours of remorse. Of course she would promise never to steal again. Then, with a clear conscience, Miss Dayton could send her back to her work. But Lizzie, far from having torturing memories of the dance, was happy because of her little triumph.

“I know, Lizzie, that all girls want to be pretty. It is a natural desire. But one should wish to be good, also. Don’t you want to be good?”

Lizzie nodded her head.

“Yes, I want to be a good girl. But I’ve got to be pretty. If I’m not, Jim won’t ever——”

“Won’t ever what?”

“Kiss me again.”

“Again?” There was horror in Miss Dayton’s voice. “Do you mean to say some young man kissed you last night?”

“Jim did. He said I looked sweet enough to eat.” There was pride in her voice. “He wouldn’t have said it if I’d worn those awful old black stockings of mine.”

Miss Dayton turned to the other woman in the room.

"I don't believe she feels any remorse, now," she said. "She is sorry that she has been found out, but that is all." Which for Miss Dayton showed unusual insight into human nature.

Miss Seaman gave no sign that she had heard what Miss Dayton said. Then, after a second, she said: "Lizzie has always been a quiet, well-behaved girl and a prompt one. I wish——"

"She can stay if she is sorry for what she has done," interrupted Miss Dayton.

"I'll bring the stockings back," said Lizzie. "I didn't get any holes in 'em. That's because I'm so light on my feet. Jim said I danced like a fairy."

Miss Dayton grew red in the face. Such vanity made her embarrassed and angry at the same time. It did not betoken the proper humility on Lizzie's part. "No," she said, "you can't bring the stockings back. They would show they had been worn. You must pay for them, a quarter each week out of your salary. You must pay the full price, as under such circumstances we can't give you the usual discount."

Lizzie nodded. The proposition was a fair one. "Thanks," she said.

"And dear, you must promise me to tell the truth about the stockings to your mother and to this Jim of whom you talk."

Lizzie drew in her breath sharply. "I can't do that—that is, I can't tell Jim. I'll tell Ma. I'd have to, with my pay short every week. But I can't tell him."

"Why can't you?"

"Because he might quit going with me. If we'd been friends a long time it mightn't make so much difference. But you see last night was the first time he ever took me anywhere."

"Yet you say he kissed you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you mean to say that you let this person whom you scarcely know, kiss you? What kind of a girl are you?"

Then Lizzie delivered herself of a piece of wisdom. "I guess I'm just like all girls," she said.

Miss Dayton blushed.

"There are some girls, I hope, who never let men take any liberties with them."

Lizzie forgot entirely the ethics which she had read night after night in the newspaper answers to correspondents.

"Uh-huh. I know some of 'em. They're all homely."

Miss Dayton rose to her feet.

"I have reconsidered the conditions I laid down," she said. "You must not only tell Jim as I said, but you must apologize to me and you must realize you did wrong not only in taking the stockings but in letting him kiss you, or you cannot stay."

"I didn't know I'd been rude to you," said Lizzie. "I didn't mean to. Truly, I didn't, Miss Dayton, and if I was, I'm sorry. But all the same, even if you get me fired for it, I won't tell Jim and the reason I won't is because he might never kiss me again. And I'm not sorry about last night. I liked it."

"This ends the interview then," said Miss Dayton, picking up a letter from her desk.

"All right," said Lizzie. There were tears in her eyes—she was wondering where she could get another job, she was dreading what her mother would say to her. But the head which had lain on Jim's shoulder was held high as she walked out of the office.

Miss Seaman rose to go with Lizzie, but Miss Dayton called to her.

"Just a minute, Miss Seaman," she said. When the door had closed behind Lizzie, she turned to her and said: "It isn't you alone who feel badly about this. I don't know when I've had a case that perplexed me like this one. Sometimes it seems to me it is impossible to do the right thing, always." Which was the second time that morning that Miss Dayton had shown insight.

Miss Seaman was looking out of the window listlessly. For all the sign she gave she might not have heard what the other woman was saying.

"I know what you're wishing," Miss Dayton said. "You're wishing you'd fixed it some way so Lizzie was not accused. That wish does credit to your kindness of heart, of course. But you know, my dear, crime—and stealing is always a crime—

must be punished. She is lucky that we didn't arrest her or have her placed in a reformatory."

Still Miss Seaman did not speak.

"I know what else you're thinking," said Miss Dayton. "You're thinking that it isn't fair that a young girl should not have the pretty things all girls want. I grant that. But what can we do about it? That is just one of the laws of life which neither you nor I can change."

Then Miss Seaman turned from the window and spoke. "No, I wasn't thinking anything of the kind. I wasn't thinking about how hard it is for Lizzie. I was envying her."

"Envyng her?"

Miss Seaman brushed her hands over her eyes and pushed back a lock of greying hair which had fallen over her forehead.

"I was thinking," she said, "it was worth anything in the world—poverty, sin, disgrace, to feel what Lizzie is feeling now. You and I—who are we to pity Lizzie? You said something just now about the laws of life. But do you know one as inexorable as the law which takes our youth away and with it our chance for love? And what can you or I do about that?"

YOUTH

CHARLES R. MURPHY

WINGS, ah wings that beat against the sky;
Soul,—ah soul of her whom thou hast lost—
Dawn is upon thee with its emptiness,
Dawn—when thou wouldst rather be entrapped
And tangled in a mist of dreams; shrouded
From the evil light of day; smothered
In the ebon texture of the night.
Only the fevered beating of thy wings
That fan the silence of the deeper gloom;
Only the madness of thy unrelenting
Hope. Yet in thy weary pilgrimage,
Down, through the silent corridors of grief,
Down to the utmost depths of all despair,
What hast thou seen that makes thee hide thy life?
What hast thou heard that makes thee shrink from day?

“ This, like an intense whisper through the night,
This have I heard: ‘ Doubt and forgetfulness
Are all the surety that thou mayst gain—
Forget! forget! before it be too late,
Too late to find the level path that leads
Back to the peaceful meadow-lands of life.’

“ Out of the night it smote upon the ear,
As though from some great multitude of throats—
Out of the night of doubt.—Yet where got they
This certainty of tone? What do they know,
They who would make servants of their souls?
What do they know? Can they with some deep scheme
Of theirs, have plumbed the sombre heart of Death?
Or with some fine diplomacy of science
Have wrested the secret from his wary lips?
Such erudition of the gods! Yet doubt
Is the staff of life to them. And I?

Have I not known the terrors of this realm,
Or rummaged in the secret halls of grief?
Have I not seen, within the darkest pit
Of all, doubt turn upon itself?—Beyond
The confines of all things—(ah doubted doubt,
I know! I know!)—the throbbing heart of life
Is ever warm. Why should I fear the day?

“Yet for a while the empty-handed days
Within this land of bitterness and grief;
Yet for a while I shall not touch her hand,
Her lips, or drink the perfume of her hair—
Only I know her white soul stands somewhere,
Fearless and straight to the four winds of heaven.
A little while to suffer and to wait—
Until the hint of some ungotten dawn
Shall strip the sorrows from my burdened heart
And guide my soul that, in one monstrous flight,
Shall gain that land, that ever-present land—
Yet hid till some strange wrenching of our life
Shows the sheer beauty of its sun-lit vales
Buttressed in the eternal hills of love.
There shall I find fair meadows beyond all dreaming
Fair, stream-threaded, cool within the dewy
Light of morn; there shall I bathe my heart
Within the crystal rivers of her soul,
And hear the murmured chant of windy pines—
Chant that is the echo of her heart,
Echo that rings among the leaping hills
Where all her wild, free thoughts are born. . . .

“Yes, I will strive with all the metal of
My soul—strive till I pierce the invious sky,
Or burst the straining fabric of my heart.
Yes, if I may have but one wistful glance
Upon the unforgotten loveliness
Of her, one instant’s slaking of my thirsty
Eyes—I’ll make a song that, with resounding chords,

Some great symphonic loveliness of tone,
Shall flood the very sanctuary of heaven
And make our melancholy God to smile;
And o'er this swelling of my soul, her song,
Like some immortal bird, shall rise
Cleaving the lambent pinnacle of day—
I know! I know! It shall be, or else God
Shall wither into nothingness for shame
At having made, or dreamed, or conjured up,
A thing so useless as a human soul! ”

Wings, ah wings that beat against the sky;
Soul,—ah soul of her whom thou hast lost!

THE PHYSICIAN AS A HERO: WILLIAM JAMES

M. H. HEDGES

I

JENKINS said, "I felt myself falling through bottomless gulfs of doubt. All my faiths and hopes and dreams, all the laborious uprisings of my spirits, all the habits of thought and action, became fears, serious downittings and spasmodic gropings."

Jenkins had come into my office that morning, after four years of separation. We had been chums in college; I knew him as the eremite of our class, the particular white, glowing spirit, who, by destiny, has but one calling, that of prophethood. I had left him on his way to the theological school and I found him this morning a doctor of medicine, his maidliness gone, more a Launcelot than a Galahad. And in these words he was trying to describe in his intense way that moment of transformation from a preacher to a physician.

He continued, "That which precipitated my headlong flight down the black gulfs of doubt was a single idea, namely, that there was no soul separate from the body. That which saved my mind from breaking into permanent madness was work. I crawled from beneath the stones and timbers of my shattered world with but one impulse, to heal the bodies of men. I literally rushed into the clinic, hungry for knowledge of how. I worked night and day, and when I laid my hands upon the diseased I found, at last, in that mean experience, sensuous evidence of the human soul. All my life I had craved the mystical experience, the union with the divine, and I had found it here, in attending a typhoid patient. Falling through the gulfs of doubt, I thought I had lost the soul, and working in the crude material world I found soul everywhere."

Jenkins's passionate recital unfolded a new conception to my mind.

II

From time to time censure of Thomas Carlyle and his doctrine of hero-worship has come to me. And the amateur critics, one and all, have deplored his narrowness; Carlyle should have stepped off his own shadow, is their contention; he should have widened the scope of his vision. Why should every hero whom he mentions resemble Carlyle himself? To be a hero must a man be a prophet, a poet, a man-of-letters, or a king? Why couldn't a hero be a business man, an engineer, or a discoverer? Why couldn't a hero be a woman and not a man? And these are fair questions.

But, I think those who censure forget that Carlyle had a large generalizing mind. He was celebrating not so much the hero, as the heroic principle. Generalize as he did in each lecture, each hero was the concrete embodiment of the heroic principle. And the heroic principle, which we shall soon define, was best evident in the prophet, the poet, the priest, the man-of-letters and the king.

Carlyle was a perceiver of law. Everywhere in his works there is evidence of his effort to formulate out of concrete fragments of life general, intelligible principles. In *Sartor Resartus*, he tried to descend into the unplumbed depths of his own spirit and to return with treasures of truth. The great unsailed sea of the soul is partially charted in *Sartor Resartus*. In *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, the nebulous movements of humanity are given shape. History is not a mere succession of events, but a series of related acts. In that phantasmagoria of wars, ceaseless weavings to and fro, risings-up and fallings-down, births of nations and their destruction, there is order, law, design. How does society progress? By following the hero. Who is a hero? One who best incarnates the heroic principle. What is the heroic principle? Making sensuous the invisible divine. That is Carlyle's profound primer.

And I suppose this heroic principle, conceived broadly, may be interpreted freely. We should not need to be told what the divine is. What difference does it make whether Odin's "divine" was the same as Mohammed's; or whether Mohammed's

"reality" was the same as Dante's? Given an age of unbelief, of destruction, of blindness and of hypocrisy, and given a man to lead back that age to sincerity and genuineness, and we have the heroic principle at work. And the man who leads the age is a hero, be he god, prophet, poet, priest, man-of-letters or king.

In the age of blind gropings, Odin was the first articulate thinker. He made the great, mysterious Flame-image, which glared-in out of the awful world, intelligible. In an age of idols, superficialities, formulas, Mohammed looked through the shows of things into *things*. The two poets, Dante and Shakespeare, glanced into the deepest deep of beauty, and translated beauty into musical thought. By destroying, Luther united his people with the unseen holy. Johnson, in an age of triviality and transiency, proclaimed the true, the divine, and the eternal. And Cromwell, against unyielding, hostile forces, embodied ideals in practice. These are Carlyle's heroes; these translated the invisible divine into thought, new symbols, music, creed, books or practice.

Judged by this broad standard, are not all men heroes? Carlyle was too much of a democrat to deny hero-ship to any common man; but there is a second element determining heroism, namely, the age itself. "Hero, Prophet, Poet—many different names in different times and places, do we give to great men; according to varieties we note in them, according to the sphere in which they display themselves," says Carlyle; in other words, the age furnishes the soil, season, sun and rain under whose genial sway the hero flowers. Never again can the hero be the divinity, as Odin was, because that twilight zone between brutality and barbarism shall never come to the race again. To Carlyle, the pragmatic idealist, the conditioning sphere is as important to heroism as is the man himself.

And this answers the allegation of narrowness established by the amateur critics. Why could not a business man be a hero? Why not an engineer? A discoverer? They can, I think Carlyle means. Columbus is a hero; and some aver that the engineer who swings the graceful arc of steel across the chasm is the hero of our era; and the business man in due time shall

become a hero when he has found his age or sphere. But not yet; of this era, it seems to me, the physician is the hero.

III

Jenkins, unfolding before my eyes that morning, a hero, became a type for his age, and by some strange, mental amalgamation I identified him with Carlyle's heroic principle. Jenkins's experience was a world process in miniature. From beneath the stones and timbers of a shattered world, humanity, led by an archetype, has emerged. Jenkins's private experience is macrocosmic.

The year Darwin's *The Origin of Species* was published, 1859, is a date marking not so much the beginning as the high middle point of an era. Darwin was the expression, rather than the author, of a new spirit. That spirit has been variously defined as the scientific, materialistic, empiric. It was a spirit of change. In this era all the vague, formless, illimitable dreams of man, the nameless longings, the broken lights, sweet sounds, overpowering incenses, the music of flutes, the illusions, impressions—all indeed that we know as transcendental—were given, not a divine, but a physical explanation. Man discovered that he had a body, and that underlying, perhaps, his deepest moments of divine inspiration were mean and gross physical reasons. Then came thundering about his head the columns and pillars of the old spiritual order; he had no rest, nor peace; and, as Jenkins said, he began to suspect that there was no soul separate from the body.

I think this change from a divine to a human explanation of rapturous experiences is best illustrated by this passage from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Perhaps the herb everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions which come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry rustling flowers. A something it has of sepulchral spicery, as if it had been brought from the core of some great pyramid, where it had lain on the breast of a mummied Pharaoh.

Something, too, of immortality in the sad, faint sweetness lingering so long in its lifeless petals. Yet this does not tell why it fills my eyes with tears and carries me in blissful thought to the banks of asphodel that border the River of Life."

The transcendental explanation—"this does not tell why it fills my eyes with tears"—is immediately replaced by the physical:

"There may be a physical reason for the strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve—so my friend the Professor tells me—is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, we have reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed. To speak more truly, the olfactory nerve is not a nerve at all, he says, but a part of the brain, in intimate connection with its anterior lobes."

That era of change was an age calling for its man. It was a shaping age, the chaos which would burst-up, in molten mass, a literature, a hero.

The danger was that man would follow false fires; all barriers down, he would fly to dire extremes. Such extravagances were recorded in the literature of de Maupassant and Zola. These realists had a perverted sense of human values. Since one did not need divinity to explain rapturous experiences, such experiences had no validity. Men were pictured, therefore, by Zola and de Maupassant, without æsthetic and moral faculties—as brutes. Or, men fell into another error: They became so painfully conscious of both worlds, the world of impressions and the world of things, that sometimes, as with Matthew Arnold, crushed between the two, they grew sick with a sense of impotence.

The man who could make the invisible divine, apparent, when the divine had been denied, had to be one who had long been familiar with the gross material world, without losing communication with the invisible currents of God. Such a one was the physician. Many names, Holmes, Doyle, Mitchell, attest to the physician's command of the ideal. These men had seen human beings die like flies, had seen life vanish in convulsions, and the fair body become a stinking hulk, and still they had held

fast to the ideal. It was for such as they, when the age was plunged into materialism, to make sensuous the invisible divine.

IV

When one thinks over the illustrious physicians who have left marks upon the last generation, Louis Pasteur, Havelock Ellis, Richard Cabot, one faces difficulty in selecting a single hero. A few years ago, Pasteur was voted the national hero of France; Ellis has wrought more immediate changes in the social fabric probably than any other man; and Cabot's philosophic writings have had sudden and deserved popularity. Moreover, how many men like Jenkins, formed after the archetype, the submerged scores, may also deserve the title, hero. To all of these honor is due. But the pattern, the archetypal man, is William James.

Born in 1842, James spans the transitionary period between transcendentalism and materialism. He felt the stress of all that controversial life, which followed Darwin. He knew Emerson, and felt the winsomeness of his philosophy. He knew Haeckel and better knew than anyone else the strength of materialistic claims. So James had ample opportunity to fall into the dangers of the epoch, but he made neither the mistakes of Zola nor of Arnold.

I perceive in William James, first of all, a singular passion for humanity. The oft reiterated assertion of Carlyle that pity was a mark of heroism is true of James; only his regard for men is something more than pity; it is a passion. Whereas men like de Maupassant and Zola, oppressed by the materialism of the age, almost delighted in conceiving humanity lower than beasts, James exalted human nature still. His retort to the question of an onlooker in his laboratory, "What are you doing there?" "I am seeking balm for the souls of men," reveals better than any other single incident, the warmth of his temperament. Seeking he was always, as painter, physician, teacher, psychologist, moralist and philosopher, for balm for the souls of men.

Coupled with this vernal warmth of temper was an autumnal

gravity of mind, and this high austerity (spiritual valor, Carlyle would have called it, perhaps) enabled him to solve the problem propounded by his sceptical age: How can one bring humanity in contact with the divine when there is no divine?

Science implied that there was nothing in heaven or earth not amenable to human interpretation. Even the mysterious life-force, conceived hitherto as divine, might be contrived by human means. Where now were the sweet, vague premonitions of kinship with another loftier, nobler being, fine intimations of immortality? That was the problem assigned William James.

He did not fall back on the old pantheism and lead humanity to the sea or out beneath the skies, and say, "Behold the signs of God in the world." Science, no doubt, would have answered, "I know how water is formed, and the laws of the tide I know; and as for the blue sky above, 'tis but a translucent vault." James did not point to the inner life of Jesus, recorded in the Bible, for that, too, to the scientist seemed but human life. James instead showed that the mind might be conceived to possess the symbolic features of the outer world, and he led questioning humanity to the great unplumbed sea of the Subconscious. This had scientific validity; this was neither rational, nor irrational, but non-rational, and could not be analyzed. And here every man might come into direct contact with the invisible divine. Untapped reservoirs of spiritual energy, boxes within boxes, are lame metaphors descriptive of the illimitable inner world. If you want actual contact with the divine, lean over the brink of the Subconscious. If you want your friend to know the divine, let him touch your hand. If you want to know the grand consciousness, or God, lay your ear against the throbbing bosom of the earth. The material world is divine.

A materialistic mysticism, a scientific religion, is James's answer to the question of his age. If we look through American life to-day, we see evidence of its effects. In America the physician has become a figure of commanding social importance; the spiritual has become a realm of actual research; faith has been justified by knowledge; and slumbering beneath our materialism are the molten fires of religion.

THE SHADOW OF THE BRAIN

WITT BOWDEN

“**A** CAREFUL study of the cortex gives nine thousand two hundred million cell bodies in this region alone. Considering the amount of grey matter in the rest of the central system, an estimate of thirteen thousand millions for the total number in the entire central nervous system is probably a conservative calculation.”

These figures, recorded by one of the world's foremost students of the brain, are being increased by further studies of the nervous system. Even more significant than the number of cells is the complexity of their structure and of their connections. The axones and dendrites, the nerve processes, branching from the cell bodies, make intricate and innumerable paths; and the complicated and heterogeneous structure of the nerve cell baffles the analyst.

This structure, the brain, the climax of the evolution of the organism, is intricately connected with the various parts of the body, and served by them, particularly by the neural mechanisms constituting the special senses. It is surrounded by an infinitely complex and varying environment. From this environment and from the organism itself proceed innumerable stimuli, causing nerve impulses to course through the nervous system and to centre in the brain. These stimuli may be classed as objective and subjective. The objective stimuli come directly from the physical and the social environment of the individual. The subjective stimuli include not only those which arise from conditions peculiar to the individual, but also those which have their source in the instincts, impulses, and other hereditary factors bound up with the germ plasm and transmitted from generation to generation.

Connected with the reactions of the brain to these stimuli is consciousness. What is the relation of consciousness to the brain? Many analogies have been used in attempts to illustrate this relationship. None is adequate, but perhaps the most suggestive of these analogies is that of the shadow.

The shadow of a tree results from the interception of light. The leaves, by intercepting the light, utilize the energy of radiation in the process of photosynthesis, upon which the life and growth of the tree depend. The shadow is merely an accompaniment of this interception and utilization of light-energy by the leaves. And yet, unlike the hidden process which it accompanies, it is clearly visible, and indeed is projected beyond the tree upon the environment.

Now let us suppose that there is a controversy among the trees. There is a common idea among them that the shadow is the essential part of the tree and the source of such freedom and effectiveness as the tree may have. It is sometimes long and sometimes short; now far, now near; at times in one place, at times in another. It always intervenes between the tree and the earth when the tree is active. It has remarkable powers of movement, contraction and projection. It is commonly agreed that the shadow is the life, the soul, the essential principle of the tree. But there are some among the trees who propose a startling theory. The shadow, they say, is not what we have been thinking all the while. It has in itself no power to go or come or to do anything. It is to our leaves that we must look for our real effectiveness. The work of the leaves depends on sunlight, and it is for that reason that there is always a shadow when the leaves are active. The shadow merely accompanies the activities of the leaves when they intercept the sunlight in order to utilize the sun's energy to manufacture our food and to carry on our vital processes. It is the work of the leaves and not the accompanying shadow that makes us what we are.

Not so, the other trees object. It cannot be merely an accompaniment; see how free it is; it comes and goes, it moves from place to place; it is indeed our only means for projecting ourselves beyond the limits of our physical forms. If our shadows are not free and effective, then are we slaves, rooted to the soil.

Some of the innovators are silenced, but others boldly reply: How can knowledge of the real nature of our shadow make us slaves? It will free us from ignorance. Will not the light, the air, the water and the soil continue to minister to our needs? Will not our leaves continue their vital processes? Will not the

shadow continue to accompany the interception of light and to serve us in its own way? Shall we not thus continue to be effective in relation to our environment?

Thus among men back and forth proceeds the controversy concerning consciousness.

Even such an unsubstantial and seemingly powerless thing as a shadow is effective in many ways. The shadow of a tree prevents the growth of vegetation about the tree and keeps the heat of the sun from drying and hardening the soil. What child has not tried to evade his own shadow, or has not laughed gleefully or shuddered with a sort of pleased awe at shadow-animals? The author of *Job* gives us a picture of a servant toiling in the noonday heat earnestly desiring the shadow. An ancient prophet promised his people that one should arise who would be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The psalmist speaks of the shadow in the most exalted of all conceptions: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Consciousness, analogous to the shadow of a tree, accompanies the interception of stimuli by the brain. It has no innate freedom or power of initiative, but it is nevertheless in a mediate and supplementary way serviceable to man. One of its uses is to temper the sterner aspects of life. Most men find themselves at times in life's desert places. The imperious demands of life urge them to the insistent struggle with an inclement environment. Their labor is spent on desert soil and they are consumed with the heat of the desert sun. "The world is too much with them." At such times relief is found in the softening and tempering of the hard realities about them and within them, and in a shielding of the root-soil of their lives from the heat and light of the desert, by means of the shadowy accompaniments of the brain. Thus consciousness is indeed "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Consciousness may thus and in other ways be useful incidentally, but it is useful in such ways only. Man's effectiveness is to be explained primarily not by consciousness but by the activities of the brain.

As we have seen, man has a wonderfully complex nervous

system, delicately susceptible to infinite stimuli. If that were all, however, a thousand stimuli would course through the nervous system and beat in upon the brain and chaos would result. But there is a coördination of stimuli and reaction. How can this coördination be accounted for, if not by the freedom of consciousness functioning in choice of favorable stimuli and rejection of unfavorable stimuli?

This coördination is not due to human consciousness, for it is a phenomenon common to all life. The degree of coördination varies, it is true, but so does the complexity of the organism. The degree of coördination or of effectiveness which man has attained is unique and remarkable; but it is relatively no more unique or marvellous than is the brain of man. The process of coördination of reactions and stimuli is to be accounted for not by consciousness but by five biological factors developed in the course of evolution.

There is in material substances, even those that are inanimate, an innate *resistance to dissolution*. The cohesion of the molecules of coal can be overcome only by stronger external forces, as a high degree of kinetic heat-energy. The water of the sea retains its place and form until the stronger forces of radiation transform some of it into vapor and lift it into the clouds. The stone crumbles and mingles with the soil only when disintegrating forces from without, stronger than the cohesion of its elements, beat in upon it. Thus even in the inanimate substances of nature there is an innate resistance to disorganization, and the substance can be changed or dissolved only by external forces stronger than the internal resistance.

In protoplasm this resistance to dissolution is combined with another quality. The chemical constitution of protoplasm is so much more complex and its energies are so much more subtle than the constitution and energies of the not-living, that it has a higher degree of sensitiveness to external forces and it reacts to them far more readily. This greater sensitiveness and greater ability to react, combined with resistance to dissolution, involves the possibility of change without dissolution, that is, of *adaptability* to external conditions.

Primordial resistance to dissolution, combined with protoplas-

mic adaptability, leads under certain conditions to enlargement or growth. But growth beyond a certain point interferes with adaptability, and the result is protoplasmic division—multiplication by division, the simplest form of reproduction. The evolution of the reproductive function is the beginning of a third factor—*heredity*. These three—resistance to dissolution, adaptability, and heredity—are the basis of the desire for life or “the will to live.” This in turn is the basis of the struggle for existence. Against chance, against the not-living, against foes, against competitors, against the subtlety and the force and fury of opposing elements, the organism from protozoan to man has struggled for life. And even in the face of death, man still cries out, I will live! Where innumerable individuals have met defeat and death and dissolution, a few, making favorable reactions, have survived, and by heredity have transmitted their survival qualities to succeeding generations.

These three factors are thus the chief forces in the evolution of complex and specialized organisms. By means of their operation, survival qualities, that is, favorable reactions, became specialized in a neural mechanism; and there these reactions at length became fixed for the individuals that are in a given line of descent. Thus there was developed a fourth factor—*instinct*, or racial memory, by which the individual profits by the experience of the race.

A high degree of adaptability or of survival power demands a highly specialized nerve mechanism for the accomplishment of favorable reactions. A premium was placed upon those individuals whom chance heredity and fit environment favored with increasing neural specialization, till at length the channels of reactions to favorable stimuli deepened into a fifth factor—individual memory, or *intelligence*, the flood-tide of biological advance.

The terms racial memory or instinct and individual memory or intelligence are therefore here used to indicate types of reactions in the nervous system. Instinct is a type of reaction determined by fixed, hereditary neural modifications; intelligence is a form of reaction determined not only by a hereditary element but in part by neural modifications resulting from the expe-

riences of the individual. If a former stimulus has led to a harmful reaction, that reaction has registered a neural modification or impression which in the future tends to eject or inhibit similar stimuli. If a stimulus has been favorable, the brain path made by the reaction is open to receive and to yield to similar stimuli. Such neural modifications depend upon a wonderfully sensitive, adaptable and complex mechanism; and such is the brain of man. The real, effective intelligence mediated by these neural modifications was long unknown, and man's effectiveness was attributed to the shadow intelligence accompanying the neural processes.

But how can memory and foresight, self-projection in time, be explained physiologically? Man has a hereditary organic connection with the actual past and with the potential future. Accompanying this connection, consciousness may project itself in time, as a shadow in space. But this projection, like the shadow, is a mere secondary phenomenon. Man can act in the present alone, and his present intelligent acts are determined by past experiences which have left their impressions on the brain. These impressions, and the present reactions mediated by them, serve, if unfavorable, as a warning against further similar reactions; and if favorable, as an invitation to similar future experiences. Memory and foresight, in so far as they essentially affect behavior, are physiological.

Resistance to dissolution, adaptability, heredity, racial memory or instinct, and individual memory or intelligence: these are the chief stages in the far journey of life. Man has been projected far out upon the attenuated cosmic ocean, but he is held to the solid earth by these five anchors.

Let us retrace briefly the steps of the argument. Man's life is expressed in terms of his relations to his environment, that is, in terms of stimuli and reactions. His effectiveness, or should one prefer it, his freedom, is proportional to the coördination of reactions with favorable stimuli. It is commonly assumed that this process of coördination depends upon consciousness. But this is an error, due to the mediacy of consciousness, which, analogous to the shadow, interposes itself between the organism and the environment, accompanying the interception of stimuli by the brain. The process of coördination is a purely natural phenome-

non, manifested not alone by man, but even by inanimate substances, which have an innate resistance to dissolution. The lowest known forms of life, the thallophytes, and especially the protozoa, coördinate their reactions not only by means of resistance to dissolution but also by means of an acute sensitiveness and adaptability. Chance survival qualities and favorable adaptations are perpetuated by heredity, and registered in the neural mechanism, till that mechanism becomes so complex as to make available for the individual the experience of the race. This process of neural evolution and specialization, culminating in the brain of man, has produced a mechanism so sensitive, adaptable and complex as to register even the stimuli and reactions of the individual, so that one's own experience as well as that of the race becomes available as a guide. These five biological and natural factors are the means by which man coördinates his reactions with favorable stimuli. Consciousness is thus only an accompaniment of the brain processes, and is useful only in secondary ways.

Such a view has been accepted by many scientists and philosophers. But none except the untutored and the doctrinarians are bold enough to dogmatize, for the relation between the brain and the mind is as yet unknown. But it seems certain that a naturalistic view of mind will prevail. It was easier for the Egyptians to explain the Nile flood as the annual visit of Osiris to his wife Isis, the Earth, than for them to ascend the Nile to its tropical sources. It is easier for the philosophers of to-day to explain the flood-tide of human effectiveness as being transcendental in its origin or nature than for them to ascend the human stream to its natural sources. But some, even among the philosophers, are becoming bold enough to make voyages of discovery.

FRUIT

LEWIS MUMFORD

REGULARLY after breakfast every morning Mrs. Jarvis would say: "Wilbur, that garden is a Perfect Sight. When will you *ever* get at it?" And Jarvis would answer with sublime patience: "Presently, my dear. Don't you see that these lessons keep me everlastingly busy?" Then he would resume his grim preparation of questions for an incipient quiz.

But this morning was different. In college the night before Jarvis had had a distressing argument with one of his students; and he was not sure he had come off victorious. Throughout his journey home little demons of doubt had thrust themselves out of the background of his mind; they had made his slumber uneven, and they jaundiced the golden glare of the morning sun.

"I must try to smooth myself out," Jarvis told himself, as he swallowed an extra cup of coffee. And he formally resolved to drink Postum.

He had gone a little too far, it occurred to him, as he dawdled over the afternoon's lessons; tried to load on too much. One couldn't keep up day *and* night the enervating mental stress of teaching Latin. Had his wife not assured him at the beginning of the semester that little Junius Jarvis was positively in rags, he would most assuredly have avoided teaching in the evening session. It did not seem quite orthodox to attend college after sundown—in spite of that fine phrase about burning the midnight oil. The very words used by the evening session's director should have warned Jarvis; for he had intimated that the professor of Latin was about to open the Gates of Centuries to mature men, and that consequently discipline might to a large extent be dropped. . . .

Jarvis's mouth had tightened very firmly at the possibility of dropping discipline. . . .

There were certain principles which he (as a Sane Conservative) always and forever stood for; which principles could most readily be summed up in the word *discipline*. In his very col-

lege—by some called a dungeon of conservatism—there had been alarming signs which portended that the reign of discipline, and even of the Disciplines, was coming to an end. Jarvis was wont to lament at faculty conferences that there was a “tendency fraught with the greatest danger” to allow untrained youths to elect their studies—none of which ever, by any chance, proved to be a Discipline. He knew with awful certainty that the absence of discipline caused nations to become soft (like the Teutons); increased the discontent of the masses; was a source of sundry evils in our Public Life; and perhaps in some measure could be connected with the disgraceful sophomore beer-drinking contest.

In short, the outcome of undisciplined study was Instability—and the Red Flag!

The sovereign method Jarvis advocated for the restoration of law in the land was the restoration of Livy in the schools. He had even written a copious and well-annotated treatise on *The Uses of the Genitive Case in Livy*, with the object of increasing the waning interest in that great historian. But he had his qualms as to whether this was not unduly catering to Popular Sentiment. . . .

For twenty years Jarvis had taught Latin with a full recognition of the immense value of himself and his subject, and of the important part both played in creating a Stable Commonwealth. Generally he prefaced the studies of each new class with the profound observation that not only was Latin a Cultural Subject, ever worthy to be studied as an example of a Noble Civilization which far surpassed these Sadly Shifting Times, but Latin was also undoubtedly an excellent training for the Intellect, especially for the Logical Faculty, being in this respect not inferior to the Higher Mathematics, and that it had afforded for many generations in the past, and would continue to afford for many generations in the future, that finely rigorous mental training which is so necessary a part of the education of a Gentleman. (Full pause.)

Occasionally Jarvis would read attacks upon classical studies in the more shallow educational periodicals; but it took considerably more than these trifling sallies to agitate the sturdy brain of

Jarvis, whose nervous system was buried in the splendid dust of Rome. Nevertheless, he once took pains to establish the fact that those students who had taken Latin throughout their collegiate course, were, at graduation, superior to the rest of the human race. (*Jarvis demonstrated this most satisfactorily by means of term averages.*) But he never was sufficiently perturbed by these attacks to proceed with the matter further; and he ridiculed the need for following the Disciplined Ones into their later careers. . . .

His wife had said: "Will you *ever* get at the garden, Wilbur?" And this morning he was sure he would not. . . .

For two months all that personality of his which was rooted in *Jarvis's Latin for Beginners* had been engaged in a frightful struggle with an idea. In the wan hours of the night that was gone this idea had lain like an incubus on his bosom; it had oppressed him unutterably; and in the lucid consciousness of dawn it had taken form for the hundredth time. "*What use is this Latin of mine?*"

For so long had Jarvis lived in an atmosphere of sanctified stupidity, with students he could awe into submission, or with colleagues whom he could ignore, that he found his night students extraordinary to the point of being monstrous. By a queer twist of fate Jarvis had elected to teach a group of men who were singularly of one mind; and what a peculiar sort of mind that was! Always questioning, always urging, always disturbing. Theirs was such an *infringing* attitude toward life! . . .

Contrary to long-encrusted precedent, they delighted to linger after the period and discuss the "value of all this." To Jarvis these sessions speedily got to be very trying. He found that when he praised Latin authors whom he had long ceased to read with any degree of pleasure, he was on unsound ground; for at least two of his students had actually read most of the works in English, and were able to discuss them far more intelligently than Jarvis himself. And when Jarvis fell back on the stupendous mental training which a study of the language afforded (not inferior to the Higher Mathematics), he was assailed by quotations from obviously biassed psychologists.

"Parsing a Latin verb gives the kind of mental training

necessary for a postal clerk who has to learn to put things quickly in the right pigeonholes," said one student.

"Or for the kind of person that always has at his fingertips a thousand and one hard, dull, and uncorrelated facts, and uses them on every occasion to make a bore of himself. . . ."

Then the night before the climax had been capped. An aggressive little fellow had informed Jarvis, with an irritating confidence, that *he* was a Vitalist, and he wanted to know how Latin aided Life? He appealed fiercely to Jarvis to answer whether the energy wasted on the Humanities of yesterday could not better be spent on the Humanity of to-day. To which Jarvis had very sagely replied (as he thought at the moment) that he was afraid the young man was a socialist. . . .

Crossing and re-crossing the panorama of Jarvis's consciousness as he sat squirming over his papers, were all those doubts and questionings, conceived in the months past, and born during the night. Oh, that argument came back to him as particularly cutting and painful,—and he had slept wretchedly. Perhaps (my God, the heresy!) perhaps Latin was useless! Ah, Jarvis knew that he could never again face his classes with that old-time smug assurance; he could never again so remorselessly grind the eighty-one rules of syntax into those once defenceless heads. Gone was discipline! Perhaps Latin was useless! (The awful doubt!) Perhaps then he was useless too. . . .

Jarvis roused himself. He stumbled to the porch; he seized a spade; and he went forth into the garden and began to dig. . . .

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN

LEWIS M. TERMAN

IT is well known that many great men of history as children gave precocious promise of their future greatness. It is also known that some of these precocious geniuses gave no indications of neuropathic tendency. We must distinguish the precocity of real genius from the more frequently encountered spurious precocity that goes with nervous unbalance. The former can digest a rich educational diet and be the stronger for it. The latter type is essentially morbid. Children of this type are like a straw fire which gives great promise but goes out with greater rapidity when blown into. Their nervous hyperæsthesia is aggravated by overpressure until the case ends in psychasthenia, dementia præcox, criminality, or suicide.

Precocious children are serious beyond their years. They reason, reflect and observe like adults. They are all the time trying to solve problems which present themselves to their active brains. They live under a continual intellectual and moral tension which, strongly accentuated at puberty or other crises, may pass over into mental disease. There is some truth in the statement of a German psychologist that those pupils at the head of their classes are not the promising ones but the *Angstkinder*. There is some foundation for the old saying that "Kluge Kinder sterben früh," or "Whom the Gods love die young." That is, morbid nervousness and precocity often go together, and the overstimulation of the nervous constitution leads to disease. Escaping physical disorders, the precocious child may fall into psychasthenia or chronic dulness. One writer instances a small boy who was able to explain the principle of a steam-engine, who was made a "Paradeppferd" on account of it, but who in later childhood learned little else.

All writers on the precocity of genius have noted the frequency with which it is confined to particular lines, while in other respects there may be no unusual promise. The mathematical prodigies, for example, are, as a class, notoriously one-sided in their ability,

as are also the wonder-children of music and the stage. The precocity of the latter is confined chiefly to their emotional development.

The narrowing of interests and talents is always an event to be deplored, and against its premature appearance parents and teachers should religiously stand guard. Sometimes children who could be fitted for quiet and useful lives are "staged" on account of some insignificant gift of nature, such as ability to perform feats of memory or of arithmetical calculation, with the result that all the other interests atrophy and the personality dries up. The emotions become distorted, and nothing remains but a caricature of what a human being should be. Under this kind of treatment even the rudiments of common sense sometimes disappear, leaving the person practically an imbecile in all respects except his particular gift.

Children who show precocious tendencies should be subjected to psychological and medical study. At least three classes of such children must be distinguished if their education is to be fitted to their real needs: (1) Those who are gifted in all respects, who are intellectually bright, emotionally stable and physically healthy. These are the real geniuses, destined to be the leaders in science, art, philosophy or business. They are not numerous, and when found will repay to the State many times the expense devoted to the education of the ordinary child. At present they tend to be crushed by the lock-step of educational methods, seldom living up to their highest level of possible performance. They should be carefully sought out, segregated and allowed the pace which is normal to their intellectual powers. (2) The second class is made up of children who are genuinely bright, but unstable, neurotic, one-sided, or perhaps physically subnormal. Properly safeguarded, medically, hygienically and pedagogically, such children may develop their really superior qualities and become leaders. If over-stimulated, maltreated or neglected, they are thrown into nervous bankruptcy. (3) Finally, we have the spurious geniuses, children who are nervous and somewhat precocious, whose brightness is not real but due only to an excitable imagination. In character they are likely to be volatile, restless as butterflies, peevish

and tyrannical. They have more command over language than over things, and usually show volitional deficiencies.

Féré, speaking of this type, says: "One ray of the sun enlivens them, a cloud dulls them, an electric state of the atmosphere torments and overpowers them." Clouston instances a boy of seven years who was abnormally sensitive to sense stimuli. Loud sounds and strong lights almost threw him into convulsions. Later he developed moral over-sensitiveness and was haunted by absurd fears of wrong-doing. After an extended over-culture and after being put to a highly stimulating employment, he developed adolescent insanity at seventeen.

There is always danger that the ultra impressionability of these children will be taken as a symptom of genius and that the child will be unduly encouraged in the mastery of book knowledge or in the acquisition of some kind of one-sided skill instead of being restored to balance by contact with real things and by feeding the sense of reality.

Of the second type, the morbidly precocious but real genius, Mozart and Tasso are classic examples. Mozart, who was giving concerts in the leading courts of Europe at the age of seven, was extremely morbid, sensitive and self-conscious. He was accustomed to ask those around him many times a day if they loved him and in case of a negative answer he was greatly affected. His mobile physiognomy was never at rest and expressed incessantly either pleasure or pain.

Tasso's peculiarly neuropathic nature has made him a favorite subject of mental pathologists. His life illustrates almost every phase of precocity coupled with nervousness and melancholia. As a child he was extraordinarily precocious. His friend and biographer says that he uttered some words when only six months old. From earliest childhood he showed an amount of sense and gravity beyond his years. The Fathers at his school made him take his first communion when scarcely nine years old, though both mind and body were at that time so mature that he might have been judged twelve at least. He was also sexually precocious. His mother dying early, the boy shared all the vicissitudes of his father's life, "a mixture of gratified vanity and humiliation, pride and dependence, poverty

in sight of grandeur." With his precocious intellect and keen sensibilities, these distresses imbued him with a tinge of melancholy which followed him to the grave. That he was of nervous constitution is also indicated by his stuttering. His exaggerated scruples were shown by his habit of troubling his friends with letters asking whether he had offended them, and by his suffering from fancied religious doubts. His vanity was so over-fed by praise and honor in his early life that he owns he could not live in a city where all the nobility did not either yield him first place or at least content themselves with a perfect equality in all exterior marks of honor. Later he developed his characteristic delusions of persecution, which, in varying intensity, remained with him through life.

Such characters are also frequently distinguished by excessive timidity. The timidity shows itself not only in excessive and insane fears, but in a kind of paralysis of the volitional powers; a devotion to the contemplative rather than the active side of life. At the same time the ambitions grow lofty in proportion as the inclination to try them out declines. Conceit and pride in their ability to perform great deeds are inversely proportional to the likelihood of their accomplishing anything.

Precocious, psychopathic children are by no means rare, and it is an important question whether the environment we furnish them is as suitable as it might be for carrying them through the critical periods of their development. The students of children's defects and abnormalities are almost unanimous in the belief that it is not. The child from the first week of life is subject to over-stimulation. He is tossed and coddled and talked to. He is subjected to too great heat, light, and other intense stimuli. He is taught to walk and gesture as though he would never learn these things of himself. He grows up among elders whose actions he is urged to imitate.

It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the results would be similar to the hot-house culture of plants. In accordance with this, most investigators find that puberty is reached distinctly earlier in the city, where such conditions are at their maximum, than in the country; and that there is a greater tendency in the city to all kinds of nervous ailments. The per-

petual distraction of the attention makes for imitativeness and shallowness rather than for personal resourcefulness and initiative. The refined pleasures and love of luxury to which children early become accustomed awaken prematurely the mania for sense satisfaction. Theatres, exciting reading, and the unguarded talk of elders contribute to the same result. Our whole environment makes for unnatural living and nervousness. Instead of the field and hunt, we have the office, the pen and the library. We do everything in a hurry; our whole civilization is on the run. Children are the worst sufferers because they have not yet become habituated to the thousand forms of stimulation. The nervous never become able to accommodate their senses. They are awakened precociously to the sensuous life. There are children's balls, children's parties and children's newspapers. In cities, especially, we no longer find real children, but small adults.

Statistics prove that crime is becoming more and more precocious. This holds for homicide, theft, and suicide, and is true for Italy, France, Russia, Germany, England and the United States. Industrial changes of the last century have revolutionized social conditions and institutions. Temptations have increased in number. Work, for many people, has degenerated into labor divorced from life interests. The neuropathic disposition is robbed in this way of one of the most sanifying influences known, the opportunity to forget self in work which is essentially creative and vital. At the same time inhibitions are weakened by the omnipresent appeals to sense.

There is evidence also that conditions exist in civilized life which tend to induce sexual precocity. All the available investigations indicate, for example, an earlier sexual maturity in the city than in the country. Two Russian studies involving a total of 9,117 boys gave an average difference in the age of puberty of more than a year and a half between city and country. The average for 3,000 Prussian girls showed an urban precocity of a half year. The causes most often alleged for sexual prematuration are rich foods, premature excitement of the fancy, the theatre, impure literature and specific sex stimulation; in short, pampered, unnatural life and precocious stimulation of every kind.

What can be done to avoid the dangers of prematurity in

development? The cry of "back to nature" can never be heeded. The complexity of civilized life will remain, and along with it the dangers and difficulties of bringing children into timely *rapport* with it. The child cannot be left entirely to a natural course of development. The plane he must reach in a few short years is so infinitely separated from the helplessness of infancy that he cannot cross the gulf by his own efforts. Even if he could, circumstances would not permit of his doing so. The child being imitative and sentient, the mere presence of others exerts a powerful influence over his rate of development.

But infancy and childhood can at least be protected from the grosser agencies of prematuration. The strenuous life can be postponed until the danger of nervous breakdown is lessened, and life ideals can be so transformed that one may live the simple life even in the metropolis of civilization. The problem is largely to strengthen the volitional powers before the onset of puberty. Only a strong will can guide the human bark through the storm and stress of adolescence. The basis of the will is the motor apparatus. One-third to one-half the brain cortex is motor. It is reasonable that neglect of these centres may lead to an over-functioning of the thought centres. In neglect of these things we have lengthened the hours of school work and taken away many of the opportunities for physical development, and we have thereby removed at one stroke the best safeguards against the danger of precocity.

SOME ASPECTS OF FRESHMAN KNOWLEDGE

CLINTON J. MASSECK

“WHO was Robert Louis Stevenson?” I asked the question of a freshman class in English composition. It was an average group of twenty-five students. There were two or three really promising youngsters, already possessed of the knack of phrase-making and occasionally blessed with an original idea. The others were conscientious, eager, and imbued with that intelligent alertness that is characteristic of the American youth. There was not a dullard in the lot; they all possessed the stamp of approval in the guise of diploma and college entrance certificate from numerous and well-known public and private high schools. They were, indeed, a representative and typical class.

I asked the question, and at random sought an answer. Promptly, glibly, the student spoke up: “Robert Louis Stevenson was an Englishman of the seventeenth century who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*.” Two or three persons joined me in a grin of amusement; several more, taking the cue, smiled knowingly; a large number took the information as it was given—as the literal truth.

Now the psychology at the bottom of this astounding response interested me. It betrayed not only a confusion of ideas on the part of the student; it indicated, also, something of the nature and method of his previous instruction in the secondary schools. In addition, to my way of thinking, it showed pretty exactly the type of the student’s intellectual activity.

One can state definitely enough, without previous knowledge, the circumstances that preceded this display. Obviously, the youth had studied at some time *Robinson Crusoe*. *Robinson Crusoe* is a tale of adventure on an island; there appear the sea, ships, and savages. After reading this, probably the boy had essayed, on the advice of a chum, “that peach of a story,” *Treasure Island*. (Or, again, this masterpiece, though modern, may have eluded the censors and found a resting place on “the required list.”) At all events our student had some-

how, somewhere, encountered John Silver and his companions. Now there appears in *Treasure Island* something of the same setting that is found in De Foe's tale. There are again the sea, ships, and a new element of hidden gold. Grasp the principle of association of ideas, and we can understand the mental processes that were at the bottom of the pupil's answer.

My curiosity was aroused. I was anxious to know the extent and nature of the average freshman's knowledge of books and every-day facts. Lucas's *The Gentlest Art*, then on the list of reading for the class, I took as a probe with which to delve into the undergraduate mind. I discovered some interesting facts. Samuel Johnson was habitually confused with his namesake of the missing letter; not a soul knew him as the Swan of Lichfield. Lord Jeffreys was not, as I had expected him to be, confused with the late vanquished and vanished pugilist of a similar name, but he was, in the concurrent opinion of the whole class, "a famous judge—or essayist—or dramatist—that lived in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century." Thomas B. Macaulay had written but two things: *The Lays of Ancient Rome* and *The Essay on Burns or Johnson or Milton*—the author discussed by Macaulay varying with those students who had entered under different entrance requirements. Nobody knew exactly when and where he lived. Shelley was English; that was a certain fact, although some of the students hinted vaguely of some connection with Italy; nothing was known as to the titles or nature of his contribution to literature; he was born in the seventeenth century. Edward Fitzgerald was an absolute unknown, although most of the class could glibly quote a line or two from *The Rubáiyát*. Two or three, to be sure, had heard of Charles Lamb; two, I think, had read an essay. Cowper, Gilbert White, Sydney Smith might well have been obscure Buddhist priests as far as any information on the part of the class went. The same results rewarded my efforts throughout the entire list of authors contained in *The Gentlest Art*.

My curiosity was indeed aroused. I pushed my inquiries further. *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* appeared not as masterpieces of dramatic literature, but as a couple of "required texts" to be

read only with notes, to be memorized in parts, and speedily forgotten as so much *junk*—to employ the genuine word of the student. Addison was an uncertain individual—uncertain in manner and matter, who lived “about the time of Pope.” Pope was a man who wrote something in the thirteenth century, although by some his existence was doubted. Walt Whitman—one man had heard of him—was a modern Englishman who wrote “novels and the like.” Poe was merely a drunkard and “dope fiend who hit the pipe too often.” What little he wrote was mostly detective stories inspired by “his drug-haunted dreams.” Longfellow wrote *Snowbound* and had lived somewhere in New England.

I asked other questions of a more general nature; the derivation of a few words—almost the whole class had had four or five years of Latin; only a few could supply the information; scarcely one displayed the imagination to guess at a derivation. I went further. One boy, on the whole extremely intelligent, did not know what a *keystone* was; this bit of knowledge came out in the course of an attempted explanation of a figure of speech. Not one could tell the meaning of the word *mysticism*. On other matters of even more common interest, there was the same lack of information to be found. Only one student had ever heard of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and he had never read it. *The Nation* might well have been printed in China and Chinese; the class had never known that America possessed a weekly newspaper of this type. *Harper's Weekly* was known; it contained pictures. Yet all these magazines were before the class every day; the reading room of the library contained them all—and more.

There was yet something more significant brought out. These same students, on further questioning, could discuss in the latest slang, the latest sensation as set forth in the latest sensational magazine or newspaper. They had a varied and amazing amount of information on baseball, the tango, and dress.

And yet these students were intelligent; they had come from the best secondary schools; they were children—the greater part—of wealthy and supposedly cultivated families. That they

were mere, callow freshmen does not excuse them. The same amount of misinformation, half-baked and hapless replies I have found among upper-classmen. One senior girl on being told that a certain professor was studying socialism, remarked that she had no idea that the teacher in question was bent on entering "the social whirl."

The reason for the state of affairs described above may be deep-hidden; hard to discover; not easy to set forth. We are a complacent nation; money is our divining and measuring rod, even in education; we spend millions in training our youth; our youth is the inferior of none in potential intelligence. Therefore, we have no cause to assume that aught but the best result is obtained! Yet contrasted with the French and German youth in the point of both definite and broad knowledge, we invariably come out second best. And the reason is this: from the kindergarten to the university, the American student is *given* knowledge; it is parcelled out to him in neat "tabloid" doses; he has but to swallow, and the process of education is completed. The Continental student is trained to *seek* knowledge for himself; he is taught how to study for himself and by himself. He imbibes his information perhaps with better grace and with more eagerness than his American brother—but this, too, can be explained by the training in self-culture that he must undergo.

With us education seems to be a mixture, not always mixed by the same hands after the same formula; but the mixture is always to be applied after the manner of varnish, liberally, and with a large slap and dash. But unlike varnish, the coat of knowledge that is applied is not always of a viscous nature—as certain of my remarks may have shown.

When will quality, not quantity, be our ideal in education; when will our boys and girls be taught to think for themselves; when will they be blessed with a method that teaches self-reliance and promotes intellectual curiosity? I do not know; but somehow almost a crime is being committed; in some manner we are most fearfully wasting valuable raw material—the most precious that we have; sooner or later we must reform or pay the reckoning.

LAY READING PHILOSOPHY

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THERE seems no good reason why the term "lay reader" should be confined to the ecclesiastical usage which has traditionally monopolized it. All unprofessional dealings are lay. A business man deep in Kant's *Critique*—is he not a lay reader? Or a society woman wrestling with the *Origin of Species*? And, just as lay readers in the Church have a recognized dignity of their own, so do lay readers of science and philosophy form a reputable class.

At once it should be stated that humility is the first of their qualifications. If they are intelligent and sincere (and otherwise how should they care to exert themselves to read philosophy at all?), they know their places; and would no more think of presuming to speak *ex cathedrâ* concerning the great subjects they have in hand than the devout churchman, reading Matins in the absence of his rector, would think of celebrating Mass. "It seems to me," "As I understand it," "Speaking frankly as an amateur,"—these modest phrases must preface all philosophical remarks on the part of the untrained.

Yet, deprecation being assumed as a natural attitude of mind, the class has its dignity, as I have stated; and there is a good deal that it can find to say in defence of itself.

Perhaps the very fact that it has to defend itself at all may seem an argument in its disfavor; especially when it is seen to be open to criticism on both sides. The philosophers say to it, "Run along, child"; and the rest of the world murmurs dubiously, "What is the use?"

But these are great days of judgment for almost all of us, days of being called to account for our interests. We have grown used to challenge. People no longer permit themselves to drift along pleasantly, doing those things which they just happen to want to do and because they want to do them. They pull themselves up short: "What is the use of this occupation? How am I going to justify this enthusiasm?" Our faith without works is quite dead.

It is curious how a standard, a mood, will impose itself on a whole generation, obliging all the sheep in a flock to nibble with their noses turned in the same direction. To save his life, the most western-hearted creature can hardly get his head around to look at the sunset if all his fellows are pointing due east. So that what most of our comrades agree in exacting of themselves and one another and us, we are pretty sure to feel the necessity of rendering. Efficiency is our watchword now, practical application our uniform direction. A grudging word, rather, efficiency! Some of us lend wistful ears to the doctrines of the Reincarnationists, and hope that we may be lucky enough to revisit the earth when some more inspiring slogan is in general use. But, meantime, living right here and now, we have no manly choice but to take up the cry. When our neighbors call us to account for our interests and occupations, we do not resent the interference, but soberly set ourselves to meet the issue.

The books on most library tables explain themselves obviously enough, and fall into line with the general practical tendency. Sociological investigations, arguments for or against suffrage, theories of reform in Church and State and school and prison and the family, socialistic treatises, eugenic admonitions—these volumes have no ambiguity of immediate application. Nor have the novels. When they are not simply treatises themselves, sugar-coated, they exist frankly to serve the purpose of occasional relaxation which even the strenuous modern world must still permit itself lest it go wholly mad. But now and then, rarely, the inquiring hand picks up a book of metaphysical speculation, and then of course the challenge is inevitable: "Ah! I see. Um! Well, tell me, really, what do you get from a book like this?"

The poor lay reader! If the fatal question is put in that straight, uncompromising form, and if he answers it honestly, he is apt to disgrace himself at the outset by sitting down and taking his head in his hands and saying, "Good heavens! I don't know." Whereat, of course, his inquisitor triumphs with exceeding ease and scorn. Yet the disgrace is not real, any more than the scorn is justified.

Lay reading philosophy is an extremely perilous and baffling

occupation. It may be likened to the crossing of a strange and stormy sea by an adventurous voyager who has made his own boat. Lured by the immensity before him, he has knocked together a raft from a few haphazard boards which he has found lying on his native shore, and he has put forth with temerity. Of course the raft goes to pieces at once—the unfaltering waves see to that—and he has to swim for his life. He would like to go slowly, to pause and consider; but he does not dare. If he stood still in this welter of unfamiliar phrases, they would close over his head and that would be the end of him. He must push on, breasting, cleaving the waves, keeping his eye fixed on the land ahead of him. Then, when he scrambles up on a rock and sits down to catch his breath and look back, somebody calls to him, “Hi! Did you get anything out of that?” “At least, you can see that I am dripping wet,” he might do well to reply.

Dripping wet. It is a sort of baptism which he has received from his experiment with philosophy. His soul has been immersed, washed, purified in the waters of the infinite. He cannot fathom them, cannot tell whence they come or whither they go; but their vastness and vigor have made him a new man. Surely that is “getting something” out of the experience.

Nay, more, as he sits on his rock and ponders, he perceives that he has learned some definitely valuable things: the futility of his raft, the possibilities of his own arms and legs, the buoyancy of the ocean of thought. Before he knows it, he goes to work on a new raft, bigger and better than the old one, and again ventures forth. The allurements of the metaphysical ocean, once experienced, can henceforth never be dismissed.

It is in the face of this gasping, drowning method of reading their careful pages that the disgusted criticism of the philosophers themselves must be most poignantly felt and expressed. They elaborated their thoughts to be gravely and solidly dealt with, not to be dashed through recklessly. Such dashing amounts to skimming. And think of the insult of skimming a book of philosophy! But it behooves the grave masters to be patient and tolerant awhile, considering the situation. Skimming is a perfectly legitimate device by which—and sometimes by which alone—the philosophical lay reader approaches knowledge. He

rushes through his book swiftly, then runs and stands off at a distance and studies the general effect. In this way, he apprehends largely and vaguely "what it is all about." By and by, not too soon, he goes back and steers his course more soberly; goes back again and again, makes no end of going back. But if his first headlong career has not sketched the cloudy image for him, all his later investigations must be in vain. There is nothing like that first headlong career. It grasps at infinity.

Not too soon must he go back, we said; and indeed it is a dire mistake to turn straight from the last chapter of a book of philosophy back to the first. A long pause is needed, a pause which is just as much a part of the book's "message" as any separate chapter. In it, the image shapes itself, the significance gathers weight, the vast abstract possibility relates itself to the affairs and demands of everyday life and begins to take on concreteness. The author, the reader and heaven conspire together to write that pause as an indispensable epilogue.

But neither must he wait too long. For he has by no means as yet laid hold on the truth that allures him; he has only tangled his fingers in the fringe of its garment. If he does not get up and follow soon, the gracious presence will imperceptibly free itself and be gone from him. This must never be allowed. There comes a point beyond which the lay reader's failure to stand and deliver himself of his faith is a real disgrace. The peril is insidious. No one is more surprised than the reader himself when, asked to state the creed which he openly professes, he remains with his lips apart, stupefied and silent. He has read a great book on the subject, has thrilled through and through with conviction, has fallen prostrate and vowed himself to the cause; he really is a convert, but, being questioned, he finds himself unable to formulate one explicit statement. This disconcerting inefficacy comes from remaining content with the first cloudy vision, and neglecting to follow it up and make it his own. Lay readers have to be very severe with themselves in this matter. It is so easy—comparatively—to adumbrate things in a general way, so hard to cast a net of thought about them and hold them fast. But only a net of thought will persuade any bird of heaven to fold its wings and abide with us. Glimpsing

the significance of a system of philosophy is a glorious adventure; really understanding it is downright hard work.

Not yet, however, have we answered the question which started our whole discussion: What does it all amount to? What good does it do the average person to read philosophy? By "good" it is here understood that the questioner means some definite, practical result in the daily life of the reader, some assistance in the solving of his problems, some inspiring instruction as to his treatment of his fellow-men. The question of our generation is: How does it apply?

Well, in the first place, philosophy gives a man control over his life by the somewhat paradoxical method of setting him free from it. This is an age-old device. The psalmist knew all about it when he sang: "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou hast set me free."

It is partly a matter of perspective, partly of relation, direction, and unity. The lover of philosophy wonders how people can understand their lives at all, can even see them, when they remain so perpetually embroiled in them. How can they tell which way they are going, how can they know which step to take next, unless they frequently stand off and view themselves in relation to others and to the whole? Books on sociology are indispensable as manuals; but they complicate the vision, carry one deeper and deeper among the trees of the human forest. Books of philosophy bear one away, out of the forest, among the hills, under the open sky, where one may look at forest and mountain and sky all together, and perhaps form a fresh judgment of their relative values.

They ease the personal ache and throb too. Perhaps that is what the psalmist meant when he suggested his yearning bargain. He was unhappy. The pains of the hell of his immediate circumstances had got hold upon him. He was riddled with misery—for himself or his friend or his country,—he was bound hand and foot, tied down to an inexorable engagement with suffering; it was simply beyond his power to get up and run the way of any commandment whatever.

Now the altruistic standards of the present day are so sturdy and noble that they will not allow us to defend philosophy on

the ground that it affords a refuge from pain for the individual soul. But if it saves that soul from impotence, and sets him free to master his pain and turn it into service—surely, it proves itself.

One great trouble with us nowadays is that we depend so exclusively on our own powers. We do not mean to be arrogant about this; in fact, strangely enough, the self-reliance has come about in a very unselfish and humble way. We look on ourselves simply as instruments of service; we believe that we must use ourselves, give ourselves, utterly, always. The man who stops and goes off and sits down by himself is shirking, contemptible. But of course it follows that we consider ourselves stored with wisdom and power to last a whole lifetime; we feel no need of filling our cups again and again from the infinite. Good luck to us, then! The average man will have to dole himself out very carefully, drop by drop, if he expects to last more than a year or two.

But perhaps we no longer believe in the infinite. Then, of course, there is no hope for us and no sort of use in working for the crumbling world. All is vanity; and the sooner the crumbling process is complete, the better for all concerned. People should think out their positions, and be consistent and logical. Either there is an infinite, and everything is worth while and should be done as well as possible; or there is no infinite, and nothing matters.

As a matter of fact, it has been proved again and again that the infinite is the only reality about which we can be perfectly sure. Ourselves, our neighbors, our circumstances, the progress or decline of the world—all these things are problematical and open to dispute. But no subtlety of reasoning can evade the infinite. There it lies at the end of all our arguments, as serene and inevitable as the open country at the end of all city streets. It is the only entirely simple and natural thing with which we have to do. That being so, it is surely wise in us to keep in close, constant touch with this our best reality; it is even the height of unwisdom to allow any long separation. Creatures of limited power, we have to devote ourselves wholly to one thing at a time; so that, when we are working hard at some

partial aspect of our temporal destiny, we are almost obliged to forget the universal significance which it helps to indicate. But the universal still gives the only intelligible meaning to the particular; and we cannot work well unless again and again we recur to the general truth of things. Everything must be tested by the standard of the absolute. A sociological worker, intent on remedying some particular evil of some particular industry in some particular city, could hardly do better than free himself from the whole particular order of things once in a while and lose himself in the great, quiet whole which, through him and his fellows, is surely hastening to bring good out of its evil. Not only will he rest his soul, he will also purge his vision.

Habitual readers of philosophy tend to acquire an inner poise of mind which is immensely valuable to them and to their fellows. To them because it helps them to deal with difficulty and disappointment; to their fellows because it often makes them less irritable and exacting than nature fashioned them. One of my lay reading philosophical friends told me once of a great experience he had had in escaping from trouble. It was a sudden trouble, quite fortuitous, and it threatened to overwhelm him. But, before it could make any headway, he ran and climbed on board a big, grave book of philosophy which he happened to have on hand. Deliberately, he dropped everything, and, giving himself no time for brooding or even for realization, he sat down and read all the afternoon. He said that he was intensely aware of the process at work in him. He could feel his dismay rising to claim him, he could feel the natural, dizzying tendency to succumb to it; then he could feel himself refusing, surmounting, escaping.

"It was not I that did it, though," he said thoughtfully. "I had never exerted my will so strenuously, but it would not have saved me if it had not been reinforced by the Will of the universe. My will was taken up into the latter. I felt that, in actual truth, I had an omnipotent volition to draw upon. Of course I succeeded then; I couldn't fail. I know now what people mean when they say that the stars fight for them."

That is the whole thing in a nutshell—that matter of the will. We are effective individuals only in so far as we have strong and

active volitions; and naturally, the more we lay hold on the infinite forces that are available to us all, the stronger and more active we shall be. It is literally true that there is nothing a man cannot do if his purpose is firm enough; but he has to begin his doing by allying himself with the infinite.

It all comes to this: that philosophy is another name for religion, and that absorption in it is a kind of prayer. Philosophers do not often call the infinite and the absolute by the familiar name of God; but one definition would have to be very little changed to fit all three terms. And God:—there is nothing in all the world so interesting to us. We do not always understand this. We cheat and belittle our immortal, insatiable concern by calling it love of beauty, zeal for justice and equity, scientific enthusiasm, desire for progress, what not. But always, if we would honestly follow our motives back to their fountain heads, we should find that love for, or curiosity about, the nature of God prompted our whole endeavor. This being so, it follows that philosophy is the subject of widest, most universal interest and application. Every human soul really wants to know everything that has been discovered about God.

As for the prayerful attitude which philosophical reading induces, there is nothing so effective in all the realm of action. One earnest prayer for a given cause does more good than a score of finite deeds. Why? Because it relates the matter to the whole, refers it to the general decision, claims for it the invincible purpose of the universe. Instead of striving to renew its individual battery, so soon exhausted, it connects it with the cosmic dynamo whose force is generated by eternity. Then he who prays goes to work with renewed assurance, knowing that he cannot fail.

Readers of philosophy, then, even lay readers, are no mere dreamers, no visionaries. They are engaged in the most practical, the most purposeful of occupations. They are trying to keep themselves in touch with the great purpose of the ages which alone is sure of fulfilment. They are trying, reverently, to learn as much as they can of the content and direction of that purpose and of the nature of the God who sways it. When they emerge from their meditations, they take hold of their tasks with the fingers of the sun and the stars.

THE SHADOWY MR. YEATS

B. RUSSELL HERTS

SLOW and sure seems the forte—or may one say the *piano*?—of Mr. Yeats. On the instrument of his talent the sonatas he plays are soft and melodious. Compared with the poetic symphonies of Masfield, the work of Mr. Yeats is that of a veritable MacDowell. And this is high praise; for MacDowell, despite his notorious repression by the president of Columbia, composed with surety and success—that is, with beauty.

That Mr. Yeats's poems have something near to beauty in them is almost the first thing one feels the need to say of them; that this presence is not always that of beauty itself, is the second. So often is it merely the atmosphere of beauty, the hypnotic influence of the expectation of beauty; for always we are led by Mr. Yeats to expect, continually and everlastingly, beauty of the first order. In a way, his claim to beauty is like the claim to seriousness of a writer of ponderous prose, resounding with profound phrases, the writer of some book of pseudo-science by a man who knows not how to be simple: the matter of the book may be the merest buncombe, but it persuades us of its seriousness by its size and ponderosity. So Mr. Yeats seems always to be telling us, as we turn his pages, "This poem or this play is going to be beautiful, very, very beautiful," and certainly the atmosphere of the thing invariably calls up beauty; but, examining the lines, we find that those actually of rare and wondrous quality are few.

Perhaps this is because the work is comatose. It is, at least, unstimulating in a high degree. There is something soporific about it, and although we may admit that bed is a beatific place, we do not desire our poets to drive us there. Nor is this sleepiness to be explained by reference to Mr. Yeats's obvious mysticism. Many a mystic besides Jesus has been a stirrer-up of the spirit. It is, perhaps, because the slow-moving calm of religion is what his mind requires. He happens to be a Protestant, but he has

the soul of a Catholic, as Chesterton, who happens to acclaim the Catholic belief, is temperamentally a typical Protestant.

Mr. Yeats's mysticism is unalive. He writes of life as if it were death, and of death also,—therefore these latter descriptions are strangely adequate and ghastly. But man does not live by death alone (nor, indeed, at all) and we cannot dwell indefinitely in a world of ghosts without disturbing our digestions. Mr. Wells may tell us all he pleases that stomachic difficulties are essential to good writing; we are not all writers, and surely some part of Mr. Yeats's readers still hope for something from him besides death-smitten heroes possessed of strange, uncarnal appetites, maids married to the grave before their entrance on the scene, old hags stepping into it, and wandering children a-dream on eternity!

Once in my presence, and Mr. Yeats's, a ministerial gentleman expressed this hope in supple, rounded oratory and was verbally trounced for it afterwards in Mr. Yeats's most delicate and biting manner. He admired the Yeats poetry exceedingly, but he wished to see its appeal widened, and he proceeded to call the poet "onward and upward" to "greater tasks and grander glories," if I recollect his phrasing. Mr. Yeats declined with thanks, and quite rightly. The things of death, the pale purple things, are the ones that he is able to do, brilliantly able, and he is adequate to nothing else. It is not so very important why this is the case. It may be due to his Irishness, to his deep relation with the saddest people on the globe, who are credited, ridiculously, with being a nation of humorists, because they possess Shaw and Moore, the most serious man and the simplest of our time. It may be because he has led a life of poetic solitude, as the poets of old are supposed to have done, instead of bowing to the bowl or rah-whooping with the mob. It may be because of a hundred experiences, associations and ties, or lack of them: but aloof from life he is and is destined to remain; and his public must take him with that understanding.

That they do take him—a certain public—is very evident. That this public is not so large as that of more human poets, is probable. But shall we not come to realize some time that the size of a poet's public, in the present state of the world, is influ-

ential mainly on his royalties, and on very little else? Of poets, as of prophets, it may be said that the despised of our time become the darlings of our children's. And Mr. Kipling, the peerless clanger of Britannia, may be thought cheap and insignificant—except as a story writer—within fifty years!

It is slight condemnation to declare Mr. Yeats a man without a message. His poems are messageless, and in his prose he writes big vaguenesses on little concrete things, as naturally as some philosophic spirits of this age are writing tiny thoughts upon the greatest questions in the world. But Mr. Yeats's mind remains at large, whether it deals with the Celtic Twilight or the Celtic theatre or the twilight of the theatre—now that Synge is dead and Yeats is over forty! His is a mind that roams the empyrean no matter what it starts for, sprinkling its path with star-dust as it goes, but never reaching any of the weightier planets.

Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? He can never conquer the cohorts of the propagandists Shaw, Wells and the rest, though he may have a part of the following of the idealistically elusive Galsworthy. At least he has the pleasure of knowing that many of the thousands who read him, understand and enjoy; and how much larger can be the public of H. G. Wells and G. B. S. who enter deeply into their ideas, who feel and think and seriously analyze? The true public of every man is a petty thing to-day,—though his readers be numbered in the millions. We are not meaningful to the many. Demos remains undaunted, though the first-rate of every generation give their lives up trying to stifle his stupidity. Shaw laughs his truth out, smeared with his heart's blood, and the multitude laughs because it is all so funny. Yeats sadly smiles his ecstasy upon the world, and a few quiver while the many yawn.

George Moore attempted to do poems like Mr. Yeats's and he failed, because he was too clever and too—mundane. And so did Lady Gregory with the one-act play. These failed in beauty, or rather the elusive atmosphere suggesting beauty, that is Mr. Yeats's chief performance. Lady Gregory tells all of a thing, and therefore nothing; Mr. Yeats, saying naught openly or completely, unbares a world to those who carry one in their heads.

The great ones have done more than this: they have made a world out of their own minds and left it to us to play with for a thousand years: our Shakespeare and Milton and Balzac and Hugo and Goethe; this they have done. Mr. Yeats is leaving us a land of shadows, visible to those who can see in the quickening twilight, sweet and suggestive figures; and that is all that Mr. Yeats must do.

THE WAX MUSEUM FOR MEN

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

BOLDLY it stands beneath the tallest towers
Upon a street of granite and of glass;
The ever changing crowds that come and pass
Are mirrored in its windows day and night.
There is no mark above the doors to tell
What lies beyond the thresholds wide and dim,
Only a glittering sign with letters grim
Spelling the words: "For Men. Come In and See."
But I have entered through its calling doors
And know the hideous secret kept apart
Here in the city's vast, prodigious heart—
Hidden away to shame the truthful sun.
Behind its quiet walls my eyes have seen
A refutation of all reaching towers,
All pageantries that streak the glamorous hours
And go to shuddering music down the street!

For there, disgraced, the lovely Body lies—
Man's shining Body bleeding, wrecked, forlorn,
Its sacred Temples trampled down and torn,
And all the marvel and the magic gone!
There in the silence of a little room
Are mocked the songs and all the dreams that rise
Around the Paradise of human eyes—
The hymn to Beauty in the face of Helen,
The voice of fair Iseult along the sea,
And my own Love's sweet lips come home to me—
Damned there in cold unanswerable wax!
There the eternal pilgrimage of Love—
Man ever wandering to a woman's breast—
Becomes a worthless and a wanton quest:
The tramp of harlots through the streets of Time!

THE VISION OF BERGSON

MARY WHITE SLATER

"A man's vision is the greatest fact about him."

THAT incandescent American, William James, says a man's vision is his most interesting and valuable contribution to the world, and that one man's vision may be vastly more valuable than another's.

By vision is meant a man's idea of life; what he sees as reality. It is his opinion about himself, his earth, his universe; and as opinion, whether on a microbe or a universe, derives its value from the holder's proved, working knowledge of the subject, the value of a man's vision of life depends upon his actual knowledge of life.

Men's views do differ in kind, extent and value. One man sees more and deals more creatively with what he finds than another. The human consciousness, from lower to higher types of men throughout the ages, shows a progressive growth from simpler to more complex abilities. That each man is a consciousness, functioning at his own evolutionary stage, is evidenced in the world about us. . . . Not one of us but can lay hand upon a sub-man or woman, going blindly through the actualities of a working or playing day, not yet enough aware of the self, to ask its relation to the stars; not one of us, but is daily confronted in men, women and books, with the evidence of minds vastly more developed and dynamic than our own. We are beginning to see men from the evolutionary standpoint; that the difference between one man and another, the essence of individuality itself—cave-man, Plato, Attila, Jesus, Napoleon, Emerson, Joan of Arc, George Eliot, yourself, myself,—lies in the peculiar kind of consciousness through which each views the world.

No two men would carry to another planet exactly similar views of life on this one. A human wharf-rat, whipped from tropic torpor into spasmodic labor at the river landings of the north, would have a view of reality differing greatly from that of Dr. Eliot of Harvard. The value of their views would differ

also. Biologists have thought there is less of an evolutionary distance between ape and man, than between primitive and civilized man; and to-day, there arise in our midst consciousnesses that work at a place of vision far in advance of that of the average civilized man.

The term "superman" is even being utilized to designate, ideally, a personality whose mind shows a newly dynamic reach beyond the functioning place of the mass; and a notable American scholar discusses such a group of moderns as "The Twelve Major Prophets of To-day."

Such terms and titles are arresting even to the casual reader, holding, as they do, the idea of a certain few men at an evolutionary crest from which may come revelation. The personalities and messages of the most highly evolved human types at the ripest age of the world ought to be its supreme interest and asset. They would show the functioning of mind at its highest reaches here, the high conscious-flowering of æons of evolving life in the garden of the earth. . . . One thing they would know. Having come into knowledge of the growing nature of their own minds, they would not use them to make final measurements of the universe, God or man.

Truly, man confronted with himself and the universe is the master fact of the earth, for man. All the myriad diversities of form and action on this planet culminate for us in the fact that an exquisitely conscious being finds himself struggling for more consciousness; looking out into the processes of the stars, the earth, into himself, with the need to know the what, whence, whither and why of himself in relation to the rest.

The unintelligibility of life, coupled with the human struggle to understand it, has been at once the indignation, sorrow and inspiration of the world. Cries of rage, recklessness, grief and faithful joy have gone up constantly from the Calibans, Omars, Pauls—the Goethes, Nietzsches, Maeterlincks—the Euckens and Bergsons of earth. Each cry embodies faith in the unknown and the attempt to measure it by the limitations of the known; for man persists in measuring his universe, his God, himself, as best he can: his universe grows with his knowledge of it; his idea of God grows as man grows.

Even Caliban, the cave-man, in a world all woods, sea, rocks and sky, beset by dangers, dependent upon his physical force to secure food, mate, home in the rocks, formulates a universe and a God consistent with his own experience. He dances on dark nights, but moans in the sunlight, so as not to seem happy and arouse the ire of "that other whom his dam called God"; then crawls into his cave and "from that safe darkness" growls arraignment at a God whom he conceives to be the capricious maker of creatures caught in a trap of hunger, fear, love, hate, heat, cold, lightning, thunder, flood, quake, avalanche, attack from behind, before, above, beneath, from ambush and in the open. This sums his science, his theology, his ethics. It is Caliban's vision of reality.

We easily comprehend him, our younger racial brother, at a place of greater ignorance than our own. We know his God and his universe to be the measure of Caliban—logical to his knowledge and his ignorance. Not so readily does civilized man realize that his idea of God and the universe must ever be too small—measured within the limits of his knowledge and his ignorance; and though he has grown out of Caliban, he is seen not yet greatly to have outgrown him. . . . Man still hunts and fights in field, factory, shop; on sea, in the canyoned walls of seething cities; and he numbers his slain by thousands. He still looks out of caverns of fear and ignorance upon a God amenable by praise and persuasion. Only after centuries of hapless blundering into the uses and abuses of things, has he come to put his mind purposefully into his life-problem; and only in slow proportion to his advance in knowledge of the laws of life and by appropriating this knowledge to his evolving needs, has he enlarged and ennobled his idea of the universe and God. Man's view of reality grows with his increasing knowledge of life.

The visions of men far in advance of their day are usually discredited, belittled, opposed. To-day they may perchance be besought, advertised, for there is a modern market for anything new, from protozoan to philosopher. So much has the working, playing environment of "the man in the street" been benefited by thinkers and searchers into the processes of life, that in the message of a master physicist and psychologist the world detects

a master asset. So much has the dynamic "Show me" charged the very modern mass, that Henri Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, a ponderous volume of mathematical, biological and psychological import, becomes a "best seller," outside of novels, in several American cities; students from everywhere flock to his Paris class room; publishers are beset by busy people for short-cuts to his philosophy, and Bergson is briefly persuaded to the lecture rooms of American universities where the public throngs.

The cause lies deeper than the curiosity of the crowd over the amazing personality whose single volume of applied mathematics, chemistry, anatomy, biology, embryogeny, psychology and philosophy might well serve as a prescriptive short-cut to a liberal education.

The real reason lies in the ever-increasing number of keenly intelligent and mentally hungry people at this day of the new world. In America, compulsory education for all and the higher education for thousands every year is producing a well or poorly educated mass of people who have come to associate health, improved, ennobled living conditions with mental enlightenment; and new, disturbing factors in social evolution, affecting all classes and uniting all interests, are awakening men to a need of getting some basic understanding of the evolutionary drift.

What these people represent is the human consciousness newly awake, eager. What they want of Bergson is his vision of reality. In the midst of this emerges Bergson, thinking a master-thought and seeing a master-vision of to-day.

The first actual human finding about the nature of life, and the most significant practical discovery, judging by its transforming effect upon the world, was made by a physicist of the past century. For Darwin was a physicist of profound integrity, not a psychologist. Up to his time, men had theorized upon reality; started from an assumption, a theory of life, and argued logically to prove the theory. Each man's philosophy or vision of life was thus a closed system of logical ideation to prove a preconceived hypothesis. Darwin turned away from this method; repudiated the knowledge-value of theories of life that were based on theories and kept men arguing within a circular track. He insisted that to secure real knowledge of "life," man must pro-

ceed to the concrete, actual life-forms and processes, and that a theory of life should be based upon these findings. Though this is the simple method of scientific procedure to-day, it placed him, in his day, in opposition to all previous systems of ideation on life!

What Darwin found was that animal life-forms on this planet show a continuous, unbroken growth like a tree, from the cell up through vertebrates to man; and that new species of animals are periodically produced as part of the growing process. This, the theory of the creative evolution of animal life-forms.

Although it refuted special creation by fiat, it was not to theology that Darwin gave the great jolt. Theology had become somewhat accustomed to the troublesome nudge of growing minds, and in case the theory gathered proof, had only to adjust itself to a different idea of the creative process. It was to science, established within its knowledge systems, that the Darwinian life-theory came as an explosion from within, a seismic, transforming thing out of its own cosmic depths, making its way among the ruins of its previous structures of thought.

What happened is history. Thought and action kindled at Darwin's flame. Men turned away from hypothetical arguments on life and "tackled" life itself, in the living laboratories of nature. More actual knowledge of life and more actual human progress was made in the next half century, than men had been able to make in all the centuries that preceded it! A new geology and biology extended the age of earth and man into æons; new sciences of comparative anatomy, palæontology, embryogeny, piled the proofs of the organic evolution of animal life-forms mountain high. The evolution of germ-life was applied to the prevention and cure of diseases that had hitherto meant death to thousands throughout the centuries; the theory of organic evolution was applied to the successful production of new and better plant and animal forms; and its application to the production of better human types awakens man to a new, creative responsibility. . . . A moral implication of profound significance, to hide within the finding of a physicist! No wonder that John Fiske found in the idea of creation by evolution a deep religious inspiration and said of Darwin, "He who unfolds for us

the way God works in the world of phenomena, may well be called the religious teacher." No wonder that John Dewy attributes to Darwin the main dynamic of the new century's thought and action and the transforming element in the philosophy of the future. "The influence of Darwin upon philosophy," says Dewy, "lies in his having conquered the phenomena of life for the Principle of Transition, and thereby freed the new logic for application to mind, morals and life." If by philosophy is meant that method of interpreting reality which best reconciles the rigorous facts of life with man's highest ideals and needs, this appraisal means much.

With such horizons opened, mankind scarcely looks up to taste the breath of the wind from new distances, much less to fill its lungs with the inspiration of the new found facts. Opinion always lags behind environment. The working benefits of research and discovery are always projected into actual use long before society as a whole makes mental adjustment to the significance of new facts as affecting old mental attitudes. A man flies to secure the diphtheritic germ-serum to save the life of his child long before he realizes the relation of his act to his established attitude on prayer; but since he benefits practically by someone's discovered knowledge of the actual, working laws of life and is compelled to square his conduct to them, or lose in the life-struggle, he must eventually make mental adjustment to the implications of these laws. For whatever else is false or true, the discovered processes of life are truly revelational for man, not only as affecting his length of life and improving his living conditions, but as increasing his understanding of life itself, and so affecting his beliefs and conduct.

So slow is man to make mental adjustment, so deadly the weight of traditional, accepted attitudes of mind toward life, that his greatest sin is well conceived as the crime he commits against the growth of his own spirit—the holy human ghost—by his slovenly resting in outworn mental traditions that hold him, his universe, his God, his vision of life, to less than they ought to be.

In the personality of Henri Bergson, we have the physicist and psychologist of more than half a century after Darwin, deal-

ing with "life" itself. Equipped with knowledge of life-theories that preceded Darwin, enriched by the rapidly compounding enlightenment that followed, the consciousness of Bergson might typify, in contrast to Caliban, the high evolutionary product of the centuries. In him we have the high-typed Caucasian of superb equipment, confronted with himself, his earth, his universe.

As a physicist, he proceeds, like Darwin, to the concrete—the study of actual life-forms, to secure real knowledge of "life." He has tracked "life" on this planet through mineral, plant, animal and human forms and discovers not only in these, but in the whirling universe itself, the evidence of a single, unbroken, creative movement—the Vital Impetus.

By a masterful metaphor he compares this universal life-movement to an explosion from a centre of "an action that is making itself, across an action that is unmaking itself, like the fiery path of a rocket through the spent cinders of rockets that are falling dead." In this simile, the comparatively "inert matter" of planets evidences the cinders of the return movement, and the up-springing plant, animal and human forms on earth evidence "the action that is making itself"—the creative struggle of the Vital Impetus against and by means of the "matter" of its return movement.

In a profound study of the way the Vital Impetus has worked on earth, Bergson finds it to be of modest, insinuating beginnings, gradually succeeding in storing solar energy into flexible forms, its purpose being to secure free, creative action by means of these forms. Finite in the individual and persistent in the race by a process of budding, it has proceeded by the use of three functions that differ not in degree, but in kind. These are the chlorophyllian function of plants, the instinctive function of animals, the intellectual function of man; and while all three may be present in one life-form, one of them dominates and determines the form.

By use of the chlorophyllian function, Bergson finds that the vital impetus succeeded in storing solar energy into plant forms of great variety, but of limited mobility. By the instinctive function dominant, it produced the great variety of living tools, animals, but secured in these, little creative action. By the intellectual function dominant, it has produced man, not only the living

tool, but a tool-maker, a creator, in whom Bergson identifies the greatest success thus far on this planet that the Vital Impetus has been able to achieve for free, creative action.

As a physicist, therefore, he finds the intellect to be one of at least three kinds of faculties of life's creative action.

The crowning work of Bergson, however, is that of the psychologist. He deals here with "consciousness," the psychological factor that inheres in life-forms. In this, he is pioneer in proceeding to the concrete,—the study of his own individual consciousness, as the "life" or unit of reality which he most profoundly knows, in order to secure knowledge of the nature of universal life, or reality.

Here he comes upon a discovery, a simple, fundamental finding, which, if it prove true to all human experience, will compel a re-valuation of all knowledge, and new understanding of life.

He finds that he apprehends reality in two ways; looks outward into a universe exterior to himself, and inward into himself; and that the views he gets are dissimilar and contradictory.

He looks outward by means of brain, eye and other sense adjustments, and perceives the sun, moon, stars, the earth, plants, animals, men, with their relative positions and movements;—a fixed universe of things in space and events in time.

He looks inward, by shutting off as much as possible sense impressions from the exterior—say, ideally, in midnight darkness, stillness, detachment from outer concern—and becomes most purely aware of the duration of his own being as distinct from the things and events of the outward view. . . . He then senses himself, his "life," to be the duration of a consciousness—the Henri Bergson consciousness; knows it to have been a psycho-physical growth from birth, in a single, unbroken movement that carries its past into its present; that though its quality has been determined by heredity and environment, the very essence of its individual existence is the will to act freely, to create. . . . He perceives that other lives—men, animals, plants—are similar units of reality, all durations of consciousness, each of its own growing kind in a larger growing movement. . . . Then comes the universal analogy: the graded hierarchy of life-forms in the universe—suns, planets, vegetable, animal, human—

evidence a single, unbroken, creative movement—the Vital Impetus; and the universe is sensed to be the creative evolution of a consciousness, throughout its evolving forms.

By the inner view, therefore, Bergson senses “life” or ultimate reality to be the spiritual factor of creative change. This is indeed the ultimate finding of Bergson, that Change is all there is, and that life-forms are its throbbing evidence. This gives the inner sense of a universe in flux.

The outer view presents a fixed universe of solids in space and events in time.

Both views are true, since both are presented. The question is, which is the greater, which the relative truth?

The key to Bergsonian psychology lies in the answer. He identifies the inner view as the intuitional sense of “life” or reality itself; and the outer view as a relative one, taken by the intellect, trained upon certain relational conditions exterior to man.

His vision may well be compared to a bi-focal lens. Through the main, intuitional lens, the eye of life itself, he apprehends “life” to be creative, evolutionary change; the universe a “becoming,” a creative flowing.

In the body of this mother-lens of life is a finely differentiated spot for looking outward and backward into the life-flow and dealing creatively with what it finds there. This is the lens-tool of intellect.

The intellect is thus found to be a specialized tool or faculty of action for “life,” as the eye or hand is tool for the brain. Like any tool, its value lies in its adaptation and limitation to certain uses. The use that “life” makes of intellect, says Bergson, is to cut out by means of brain, eye and other sense adjustments, certain configurations in the outer life-flow, and to react creatively upon them.

He finds that the intellect looks backward upon the life-flow and reasons on a future logical to what has happened in the past; sits pick-a-back upon the life-stream, taking static, snap-shot views of a reality that flows, and like a cinematographical camera, strings these findings together, (in its mathematical formulations

of astronomy, chemistry, etc.), thus attempting to reproduce the action of the life-flow.

Constructed to see ("cut out") and deal primarily with its own configurations in the life-flow, known by it as "things in space," the intellect places certain prominent events in the actions of these things beside each other on a space-string which it calls time. It establishes the full journey of the earth around the sun as a year-string of twelve month-beads; the turn of the earth upon its axis, as a day-string of hour, minute and second beads. It thus constructs for its practical needs a system of "time"—making time simply a space-string for events; and is characterized by its inability to comprehend true time, which is life itself,—the factor of creative change only to be intuitionally known. When a man divides his life into babyhood, boyhood, manhood, old age, he is making an intellectual, artificial division of a life-movement that he also intuits as undivided—the "true time" of his uninterrupted psycho-physical existence.

To infer from this that Bergson depreciates the value of intellect is grossly to misinterpret him. As well depreciate the value of eye or hand to the brain, or the magnificent intellectual structure of earth's civilization to man! On the contrary, Bergson sees in the intellect and its science findings the value of an absolute, in so far as they relate to certain aspects of the life-flow. "The intellect, having been stereotyped upon matter," says he, "ought to give us a faithful impress of it. It becomes relative only if it claims, such as it is, to be able to present to us life, which is the maker of the stereotype plate."

Many chafe at this limiting of intellect as a faculty of life's action upon the "matter" aspects of the life-flow, and the identification of intuition as the apprehension of the flow itself. Our deeper concern should lie in the question whether Bergson's two fundamental findings in his own consciousness are true. For Bergson offers these as actual, factual findings in the laboratory of his own working consciousness, not as theories that he desires to prove. And if two such fundamental functions actually exist in human consciousness, a new psychology, a new theory of knowledge and a new theory of life must ensue.

After all, should the distinction between these functions

gather proof, it is simply a matter of adjusting ourselves to a new idea of the intellect as a functioning tool of life, and the intuition as the sense of life itself. . . . Take the denizens of a water-drop upon which man trains a microscopic eye. According to Bergson, a man "intellects" when he cuts out or "sees" the shapes of these germs and their movements in the drop; and he "intuits" the brief existence of these forms as "change," in the life-flow. He sees the germs not only as "things" but as "change."

What Bergson finds is that man apprehends reality in two ways; by intellection on "things" and by intuition of things as "change." Certainly the facts of the "death" and disappearance in time of all life-forms, especially those embodying beloved human consciousnesses, prove to us not only the fact of their bodily existence but the fleeting relation of their special bodily shapes to the "change" of the life-flow. And is not intellect, as Bergson defines it, constantly compelled to reject its own immediate findings in the "matter" of the life-flow? The earth looks flat and is found to be round. Matter looks solid and is found to be in vibration; the smallest particle of matter, the electron, ion, is found not to be a "thing" at all, but "a balance of magnetic forces," action and reaction. Is it not just here, where "matter" becomes "vibration," that the intellect, as categorized by Bergson, comes upon its inability to handle the non-dimensional, which slips through its sense fingers like smoke, yet is clearly apprehended by intuition?

Critics contend that Bergson is himself compelled to use his intellect in reasoning about the very "life" which the intellect cannot comprehend. But does not Bergson show that what the human consciousness "intuits," if expressed at all, must be translated into language—the word-moulds constructed by intellect to hold its ideas of things? That the intellect is the expert, expressional tool of man, by which his fuller consciousness strives to express even intuition, as best it can? And no matter what telepathic, clairvoyant, clair-audient power, the purposeful development of the intuition may bring to the man of the future, he will always strive to express his inner sense of life in the word-moulds of intellect. . . . Is not Bergson a splendid ex-

ample of one who intuiting life or ultimate reality to be creative, evolutionary change, must express this psychological factor metaphorically—by means of words? This has indeed been the task of Bergson, to express his intuition of life by the word-moulds of intellect.

Assuming that his categories of intellect and intuition are true, it follows that all knowledge is not transfigurably by intellect, which gives us the mathematics of solids in space and the logic of events in time. There would also be the intuitional knowledge of life, established by the non-mathematical sciences of biology and psychology, in contrast to the logic-system of intellect; a knowledge of "life" solving its problems in its own way, behind which and upon which intellection must always wait. Then there is the superior knowledge that the analyzing mind has over its own states. Add to these at least two other kinds of knowledge that life has employed on earth, the chlorophyllian and instinctive, and it is seen that only the sum of all life's functionings would give universal consciousness.

The identification of "matter" as a relative configuration of the intellect trained upon the life-flow exterior to man, and its reduction to "vibration," destroys the classification of "matter" as an absolute. And in "pure memory" is evidenced the existence of spirit, not to be reduced to or explained by "matter."

It is when the intellect claims to present "life" or "spirit" that it comes into basic error, says Bergson, because the intellect as such must treat life as a "thing."

He points to the only two accountments man has made of the universe, to prove this. One, the mechanistic conception of the universe as a finished machine working logically from an impulse of the past; the other, the finalistic conception of the universe as not yet finished, but working toward a foreseen end or purpose in the future.

Bergson appraises both views as complementary presentations of the same "thing," both, the intellect's configuration of a universe as a big thing acting in a big space, to be instantly apprehended by an intellect big enough to take it in.

In one of these two intellectual camps of mechanism and

finalism, materialism and idealism, all appraisements of the universe have been made by man, finds Bergson. He shows that the finalistic argument, upon which most of the theologies have been based, is nearer reality, as sensed by intuition, since it sees the universe as open, as yet; its error being to bring the universe to a foreseen term in the future. In both arguments he detects the fundamental error of human mind, attempting to fit "life" into intellectual experience, to reduce the universe to a "thing."

At a place between mechanism and finalism, Bergson intuits a universe always in the making and never made; the creative "becoming" of life, "a continuity which unfolds, swells as it advances, carries its past into its present, its latest moments always the elaboration of the new, unforeseeable indeterminate."

The life of man he sees as part of the original unbroken movement of the Vital Impetus for free, creative action. Each man embodies the will to create, to choose, and to be as much or as little creative as he wills; while, as a product of heredity and environment the quality of each man's will is conditioned both in the past and the present.

Herein lies the reconciliation of the facts of man's freedom to create and choose in the present and his undeniable conditioning as a product of the past. The correct question to ask about man, therefore, is not "Has he absolutely free will?" but, "Does he create? Can he choose?"

Thus the ancient problems of free-will and fatalism, materialism and idealism, in the light of Bergson's discoveries about consciousness, are shown as classifications of pure intellect. He answers these questions by proving their artificiality and removing their reasons for existence. The new psychology, if his fundamentals prove true, will render such questions obsolete.

So with philosophy; it must turn away from its closed intellectual systems of the past. Bergson points to a new philosophical method—that of proceeding to the concrete investigation of his own individual consciousness in order to secure knowledge of the nature of universal consciousness, life, reality. And having identified life or reality as creative, evolutionary change, he is exponent of a philosophy always in the making, since it must be

founded in the actions and uses of life itself—and life, not to be contained within closed intellectual systems.

There is stuff here for approval and disapproval of both knowledge camps of mechanism and finalism. Both read out of him what they most naturally discern from their established standpoints which he claims to have outgrown. It is not strange that rigid mechanists and finalists of both scientific and theological camps condemn Bergson without much of a reading, since he takes the ground from under their feet by appraising their thought systems on life as valuable for showing the track of intellectual error. Nor, if his findings on intuition gather proof, will it be difficult to account for the host of strongly intuitional people, to whom his message rings concise and true. In his pragmatic attitude toward truth, he is also *persona grata* to a host of modern minds.

Neither his adherents nor his opponents, however, can deal with his message until they get his vision of life; and to get it means a personal demonstration. For Bergson's excursion is into the invisible, untracked region of his own consciousness. To verify or disprove his findings, each student must personally work his way to the point of vision which Bergson claims to have reached not only by the pick-axe-against-granite labor of intellect upon matter, but by his newly identified light of intuition upon life.

Certain it is that modern thinkers and writers, from young to very old, are showing the charging current of Bergsonian electricity. But they are also showing misapprehension, misapplication and mutilation of his message. This is inevitable for a while, since the re-adjustment includes getting upon new intellectual feet before securing the new intuitional wings. We cannot measure Bergson except from new categories that he offers. It is our business to find whether the new categories are true to our experience of life. If we begin by trying to fit him and his message on "life" into the intellectual mould which he finds inadequate for the purpose, the moulds will crack and Bergson be found lacking, ridiculous, bewilderingly incomprehensible and incredible.

Once the student gets the bi-focal lens of intuition and intellect adjusted, the vision of Bergson arises simply, naturally as

the breath of a new spring in the nostrils. For such, his vision is crystal clear, normal, it having microscopic, telescopic and other than dimensional power, as though, to use a Bergsonian metaphor, in him life had succeeded in evolving a highly intuitional camera equipped with a highly sensitized intellectual plate. Such a student sees that what makes Bergson a new figure among men and a new force in thought, is that he deals with life itself and not with systems of ideation upon it; that his genius lies in his ability to see universal analogies; that he leads naturally into strange yet dreamed-of countries, opens new horizons at which man, at first sight, reels, yet at the approving joy of intuition, recovers to look again.

Creative Evolution thus becomes a veritable book of life—the open, advancing, endless, free, creative romance of the conscious cosmos. It shows life to be the evolution of a consciousness, from the fecund mystery of ether to the whirl and rush of planets; in the atomic throb of mineral, the triumph of crystal, the wistful effort of the rose; from the cold finesse of fish to the warm flash of bird; from the ferocity of a myriad wild to the patience of horse or ox or cow or the loyalty of a dog; from the ape that stood to reach the nut, to man who stretches to reach the stars and yearns and works and aches toward infinite understandings.

Such a vision is profoundly revelational, scientifically, ethically, religiously.

It sees God as the Spirit of Life—the spirit of aspiring consciousness working creatively in the universe.

It sees the true “life” of man to be the spiritual, conscious advance he makes in the midst of the encompassing negation of “matter”—in spite of it and yet by means of it.

It awakens man to a newly conscious plane—the realization of himself as the high creative ability and responsibility of this planet. It sees in the free, willed intelligence of man, a part of God—a God hindered or furthered by what man does or does not accomplish, a God who suffers and rejoices in man.

Its gospel might read: “O men, you are the gods of the earth! Work more and more intellectually, more and more intuitively, more and more fearlessly, creatively and without

capitulation in the line of the higher evolving needs of life. This is your special, dynamic, man-duty to the present and the future."

Bergson, practical scientist of physics and psychology, thus lights the universe of "things" with the fire of aspiring, creative spirit and points to a human consciousness of the future, in which the splendid achievements of intellect trained on matter will be stupendously supplemented by the achievements of intuition trained on consciousness or "life."

He sees in the intuitional development of man the application of laws of consciousness, in which man's developing psychic powers will displace the need of many a physical invention; and in the more even development of intellectual and intuitional powers, he predicts such increased understanding of "life" as to enable man to overcome all obstacles, perhaps even death.

He sees the very sinews of man's creative power to lie in the integrity of life's laws that respond beneficially or disastrously according to man's enlightened or blundering use of them; but he denies the claim of pure intellect to be the only pathway into this knowledge of life and calls to the age to awake and place itself intuitionally within the life-flow and so apprehend the greater reality; that not only by intellect but by intuition is man the creator and fulfiller of his own needs.

The testimony of one who first opens a way into the actual regions of consciousness or "life" must be profoundly revelational. It must charge the world electrically and cannot leave it as it was before. If Darwin's actual discoveries about life, as a pioneer physicist dealing only with animal life-forms, began a transformation of living and thinking conditions on earth, what shall we say of the possible effect of his torch-bearer, Bergson, in extending the search into the nature of consciousness which inheres in and determines the life-forms?

In discovering the relation of his intellect and intuition to reality, does not man transcend the plane of his previous blinder functioning? May not such a mind evidence in itself a type of evolutionary transformism, the origin of a newly conscious species? Would not such a mind, looking out upon the new found country

of its lonely climb, have a vision of reality that includes and transcends the viewpoints of camps it had left below? Is it not somewhat in this fashion that Bergson emerges at the threshold of the new century, looking back upon the almost solid phalanx of established thought-systems, and calling to them his practical demonstration of the relativity of intellect and the supremacy of the soul?

A long, long climb from Caliban to Bergson! If we metaphorically conceive the consciousness of man as a burrowing upward through resisting matter, the cave-man would move in the depths, the rest of mankind along the upward way, some in crevices, pockets, blind alleys, some on the hard-working road ahead,—the most advanced only within faint calling distance of Bergson and his kind. A long, long way from the grovelling monster of the cave to the slender, upright human torch of mountain heights, the matter of his frame, the carbon of his flame reduced to a minimum!

A long, long cry from Caliban to Bergson. . . . It voices man risen from his face to his knees, from his knees to his feet, from his feet to his wings. It sings the passionate epic of human life from the "De Profundis" of ignorance and fear of the unknown, to the fearless height of man's faith in his creative responsibility in the known;—and lo, God is emancipated from much of man's outgrown littleness! . . . This is the vision of Bergson.

CORRESPONDENCE

Germophobia

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Since the belief that germs are the possible cause of many human diseases has been so summarily disposed of by the paper *Germophobia* in the October number of THE FORUM, could you not induce the same writer to extend her brilliant line of attack into other but similar fields?

I speak particularly of plant diseases.

We who grow plants have long been possessed with the idea that potato rot, wheat smut, asparagus rust, apple scab, pear blight, and countless other disorders of the vegetable world are due either to germs or to minute parasitic fungi not altogether differing from them.

As a result of this unfortunate obsession we mix many vile compounds and spray diligently from early spring till the crop is harvested.

Laboring under the delusion that disease may be transferred from affected to healthy plants by spores or germs, we cover our unresisting garden and orchard crops with a fresh coating of Bordeaux mixture with each new unfolding of their leaves. The labor and expense constitute a burden that we would fain forgo.

Now that we know we are in no danger of contracting typhoid, small-pox or even the hook-worm, if but our minds be joyous and our ration of mince-pie not too generous, life for us would never again be irksome if we could recline in the shade of our orchard trees without the haunting thought that germs were abroad in the branches, and if we didn't begin working the handle of the old spray pump there wouldn't be any apples for winter.

If your contributor would devote an inspired half-hour to this back-breaking question, so that we could be assured that our crops, whether "from a contagion of fear and suggestion," or some other equally subtle cause, would never again have scab, rust, or blight, we would acclaim her as our great deliverer and THE FORUM likewise for causing her light to shine.

C. B. WALDRON

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[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just had the great pleasure of reading an article entitled *Germophobia*, by Helen S. Gray, in the October number of your magazine, and I must congratulate you on your progressive ideas and the courage you display in presenting to the public the other side of the germ

theory. It is only fair that the public should know both sides of a question; but heretofore it has been a rare thing to find an editor brave enough to print anything opposing the pet theories of the American Medical Association, and I sincerely trust you may continue the good work you have begun.

NEW YORK

DIANA BELAIR

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of commending the article which appeared in your October number, entitled *Germophobia*. In these days, when the doctors are filling every available publication with new germs—each new germ presumably being intended to sell a new serum—it is refreshing to see the germ theory get such a good prodding. If one-hundredth of all that the germ advocates tell us were true, the human race would never have survived its first generation, and would have ended as it began, with Adam.

NEW YORK

MAE M. LYON

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I cannot say that I ever read a more timely article than *Germophobia* in your October number. It is the most concise and common-sense statement of the fallacies of medicine that I could imagine, and a bundle of truths that should be read by the well as by the sick. Such articles strike the bull's-eye of fallacious theories with which the world is overburdened.

EUGENE, OREGON

W. RUBLE

British Red-Tape

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I wonder if you have noticed that the British Government, with its usual fatuous regard for shillings when hundreds of millions of pounds are involved, has discriminated, to the extent of sixpence a week, between the third and fourth child of the widows of any of the men who have responded to the call for voluntary service? The difference is only between half-a-crown for the second and third child, and two shillings for each additional child; but probably each of the officials who worked out the details of the scheme was receiving between two and three thousand pounds per annum for the ability to indulge in such pettifogging parsimony as is illustrated in this instance—and has been illustrated before, notably after the Boer War.

If Great Britain lost in this war half a million men, of whom two-thirds

left widows, and two-thirds of these widows had an average of four children (an entirely disproportionate assumption), the saving to the exchequer achieved by those ingenious sixpenny red-tapists would be well under three hundred thousand pounds per annum. And this is the wonderful result accomplished in a war involving hundreds or even thousands of millions of pounds—not dollars—to each of the great nations involved!

Is there nobody in England who really knows what efficiency means?

JERSEY CITY

JAMES H. SHORTER

An Open Forum

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—At Brentano's a few days ago I picked up the October number of your magazine, and the headings of several articles at once caught my eye, so that I took it home with me to read. The articles in question were *Through Mohammedan Spectacles*, *Germophobia*, and *The C. T. U.* They were exceedingly strong, and I could not but admire the courage which admitted them to your columns without the usual cringing apology of the editors, that "these are not the views of our magazine, but . . ." etc., etc.

We have no liberty of the press, for rarely is anything allowed to appear in print which is against the opinion of the editors (or perhaps the owners, rather); but does the public want *their* opinion? It is allowed to choose the food for its body and digest it as well as it can, but the food for its mind is still chosen and masticated for it by the press, as though it were in its babyhood, unable to think for itself.

The press should be an open Forum, to place all matters of value—from whatever point of view—before the public, and then let the people form their own opinion. There may be more than one capable of looking at Christianity and its works through the spectacles of Islam; and more than one may see the narrow-mindedness in our system of education, and the exploded germ theory which the Medical Trust has forced down the people's throats for so long because they were never allowed to see or hear the other side, although attempts are made from time to time to bring it before the public; but the editors are soon silenced, not being of the stuff that pioneers are made of, and evidently they are amenable to gentle persuasion.

NEW YORK

MARGARITA WILLI

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have read with profound interest the article by Mr. Vale, in the October FORUM, as well as *Through Mohammedan Spectacles*, by

Achmed Abdullah. Surely one of the important things for us as a nation to do next, is to come to a better understanding of, and acquaintance with, our fellow-humans in other lands, that we may learn to respect them for their higher qualities and to lose our latent hate and fear. Also, to heed Whitman's admonition:

"If we are lost, no victor else has destroyed us,
It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night."

* * * * *

"Fear grace, elegance, civilization, delicatessen,
Fear the mellow-sweet, the sucking of honey-juice,
Beware the advancing mortal ripening of Nature,
Beware what precedes the decay of the ruggedness of states and men."

I am sending your October number, because of the two articles above-named, to a nephew of mine in England, who goes to Cambridge this fall. His mother, my sister, is American, for generations back; his father is a delightful German, whose business is in London and who is hard-struck by the present catastrophe; and I hope those articles will help the boy to a philosophic world-view that will clarify his perplexing outlook upon life—surely he should be cosmopolitan, with his heritage of German-American ancestry and his education in St. Paul's School.

BROOKLYN

BERTHA JOHNSTON

War Comment

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Your illuminating Editorial Notes on *War* deserve the highest commendation. I have re-read them several times, and the more I read the more truth and wisdom I discovered. No matter how one is drunk with patriotism, he cannot fail to realize that he has been reasoning in a circle. To my mind your comment is unsurpassed in the field of English journalism for the propagation of peace and truth.

NEW YORK

H. H. BLOOSTEIN

Through Impartial Spectacles

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I should like to state my personal opinion—which, I hope, represents that of many others—that *Through Mohammedan Spectacles* was one of the most illuminating articles I have ever read in any magazine.

NEW ORLEANS

LOUIS LEBLANC

Creative Thought Extension

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The article *The Twilight of Experience* by Grace S. H. Tytus in a recent issue of THE FORUM was a fine exposition of a much-garbled subject.

In quoting the following, let the experiments that come after act as semi-refutation: "Telepathy is a sort of sixth sense, instinctive and used for practical purposes; it is denotive, NOT CREATIVE; concerns itself ONLY with accomplished facts, NEVER with future possibilities; neither does this power seem to be producible at will."

The examples from personal experience have been published in *Nautilus*, *Aquarius*, et al., and are confirmed by private letters in the possession of the writer.

Immediately after sealing a letter addressed to H. M. Daniels, 3442 Poydras street, Los Angeles, California, which contained testimonials as to telepathic experience, in an introspective mood I cut out, in thought, one of them, projecting to Daniels the thought that he should omit the testimonial of Ralph Holmes, U. S. ship *Reid*, when he printed the batch of circulars.

This semi-creative order of impelment went into his subconsciousness, 3,000 miles distant, and was acted on, he not being conscious of my reason or order of thought and having no good motive of his own for the omission.

Let me say here that there are hundreds in the employ of the U. S. Government who use successfully telepathy and telepsychy (word form, not emotional, but intellectual, thought transmission, human wireless telephony).

I received a letter from F. J. Peterson, of Ferndale, California, poorly addressed. I sent him a wireless message to print the address on the next, which he did. On my writing to ask why he did this, he replied, "My inner spirit told me to print the address alone."

This same wireless message was picked up by people in Nebraska, Virginia and South Africa, letters being sent to me with the address alone printed in a similar manner. To my letters of inquiry, why? the answers were, "I don't know, contrary to all my habits"; so we see telepathy can go into subconsciousness unknown to the recipient, rise unconsciously above the threshold, acting as self, greatly modifying habituated expression.

H. S. LEVALLEY

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Crown of Thorns

NOT long ago, the people of Belgium were industrious and prosperous. To-day, they are scattered and despoiled: their homes are in ruins, their country desolated. Tens of thousands of their women and children are refugees in alien countries, happy at least in this, that they are no longer compelled to witness, and endure their daily share in, the gross and ghastly tragedies of war. But those who remain—the millions of a mutilated nation—face famine, pestilence, the rigors of winter and the continued barbarities of military operations.

Why has Belgium been forced to suffer this martyrdom? Why has she been scourged and tortured, plundered and ravaged? Has she committed some almost inexpiable crime, for which a terrible retribution must be exacted?

No: it is merely a matter of “military exigencies”! The declared foe and the avowed friend alike must sacrifice the gallant little country to the necessities of strategy. Whoever wins from day to day, Belgium must be made to bleed.

It is monstrous and incredible: in other words, it is entirely in keeping with the whole principle, purpose and perfidy of war—the lauded regenerator of mankind.

The Dream and the Deed

It is too often assumed, by those of little imagination and less faith in their fellow-men, that the world is doomed to its recurrent periods of splendid hopes and sorry disappointments. Because a few idealists, in the early years of the nineteenth century, dreamed of a regenerated Europe and found their dream illusory, therefore now, in the early years of the twentieth century,—and a hundred years from now, and a hundred centuries,—similar dreams must be unrealized, and the same traditional selfishness of the nations and the rulers of the nations must continue to plunge the world into cataclysms of slaughter.

Only a coward could believe that former failures inevitably presage further and continuous defeats; and only those with undeveloped minds and illogical methods will deny the hope of progress and final success, unless they have first examined all the conditions, and find the parallelism between the past and the present so exact that only similar results can be expected.

But can any impartial inquirer discover such a parallelism, and justify the jeremiads of the pessimists? Rather, is it not clear that conditions have so changed that optimism rests not less on reason than on faith? For in spite of the Great Crime that is now being completed in Europe, the age of reason is not postponed indefinitely. The war is the supreme answer to the reactionaries: the lessons that the pacifists did not need, the militarists are learning at last.

Idealism is not a jest, or an effeminate affectation, as some of our robust blusterers assert: it is the moving force of the world and the remoulder of the world. What we need is more visionaries, and fewer of the so-called practical men. A man of the world has been defined, justly, as one who in every serious crisis is invariably wrong. He is wrong because he has no imagination: he relies upon old experiences to carry him through new conditions, and he merely repeats the old mistakes. That is what our Roosevelts and similar practical men are perpetually doing. They have not realized that it is possible for conditions to change, and therefore they have not perceived that conditions *have* changed.

In the first place, although the multitudes—men, women and children—read as the multitudes have never read before, the power of the Word, the Idea, has not yet been fully grasped by our practical men. They will point to the marching hosts of soldiers and ask if an idea can arrest those armies? It can, just as an idea gave birth to them—the idea of nationalism, of power, of efficiency. But it is the people who constitute the armies, and the people are rapidly assimilating the new idea—that nationalism and efficiency must be a means, not an end. It is not because the masses of the peoples of Europe have hated each other that they are now fighting: but because they had not learnt to trust

one another. The worst results of over-confidence could not have been more terrible than the results of lack of confidence.

In the second place, our practical men, though they talk of democracy and occasionally make slight concessions to democracy, have not realized that this is an age of established democracies, which have won through the weaknesses of the experimental stage and reached maturity and strength. Now they are learning how to apply that strength, not only to their own improvement and the devising of governments that shall be really representative, but to the general welfare of all other countries with which, through ties of commerce or sentiment, they are intimately connected. The world-idea grows steadily; and though the difficulties still to be surmounted are understood and in no degree underestimated, they are known not to be insuperable. The federation of the world is no vain dream: ignorance, provincialism, bigotry alone stand in the way. Those who wish to fight for ignorance, provincialism and bigotry will of course do so: but let them at least acknowledge the banner under which they are serving the devil.

Contrasts

FEW people need to be told that the ordeal through which Europe is passing—and, with Europe, America also—is supremely terrible: yet some, perhaps, have failed to realize the full intensity of the horror. Our distance from the battlefields, our partial severance from the inevitable national animosities that have developed to the point of hysteria, have given us a clearer perspective and made our judgment less fallible: but we have lost something of the personal, shattering vividness of the tragedy, as it has been brought home to almost everyone in the warring nations. And so, at a time of international calamity and mourning, our young men and maidens, and men no longer young and women no longer maidens, can parade in their hundreds of thousands on election night, indulging in the usual amusements and making the usual raucous noises. Well, it was natural: yet there was something in the old symbolism of sackcloth and ashes that would have seemed more appropriate. A world at war—and ticklers in Broadway! millions wounded, starving, tortured—and a good time in the old town to-night!

Quiet, orderly throngs, deliberately repressing all rowdiness

or exuberance in recognition of the shadows and the shrouds beyond the sea, would have provided a far from unimportant contribution to the development of this crisis in the history of humanity. For though laughter is good, and patience is good, and danger may be met with a jest, there should be something more than laughter and jesting when our brothers, and not we, are paying the cost of militarism, misunderstanding and divergent ideals.

Am I my brother's keeper? Yes.

The Futile "Never"

A LEADING Church journal declares:

"There is already much hasty talk about the present struggle marking the end of wars. There never will be an end to war, and the world's armaments are likely to be even greater in the future than in the past. But they will be defensive and not aggressive armaments."

If the different Churches and religious organizations of the world would listen to the men who are really doing things, instead of repeating stupid platitudes, they might redeem themselves from the parochialism that has turned so many from the teachings of the clergy to the teaching of Christ. Such men as the writer of the above quotation—a sincere and estimable man, beyond peradventure—would have rebuked Jesus himself for his idealism, and gravely informed him that mere ideas could never penetrate through the materialism of a matter-of-fact world. Yet some penetration has been effected.

If armaments in the future are going to be defensive, and not aggressive—and this may well be the first stage of development—it is clear that the elimination of war is already indicated. For if all prepare for defence, and none for aggression, the preparations will be more ornamental than essential.

George Bernard Shaw

IN *Androcles and the Lion*, Mr. George Bernard Shaw proved that he was finally and fully entitled to be accepted as a genius, and not merely as a very clever man, of whom there are several in the world. In his refusal to associate himself with the long list of English men of letters who signed a *résumé* of the

British explanation of the causes for which they are fighting, he showed, as might be expected, additional signs of genius. For whether Great Britain be right or wrong (the consensus of American opinion has already declared that she is right), intelligent men should not associate themselves publicly and forcibly with affairs that have such little concern with intelligence. Probably every man who signed the English appeal would have signed a German, or French, or Russian, or Turkish appeal, if he had happened to be born within different boundaries. Mr. Shaw, at least, had the decency to try to transcend local limitations, and behave (within Shavian restrictions) as a man of the world, in the true and unparochial implications of the phrase.

Probably Mr. Shaw has lost much of his popularity in London: in truth, he has not gained much here. But he has at least acted, not in accordance with the mob-spirit, but of his own deliberate volition, uninfluenced, apparently, by the stupidities of localism. His views of the situation may or may not be right. His view of the respect due to himself and to every other self is indubitably correct.

If all the intelligent men of the world had refrained from the natural tendency to plead their own country's cause, and had combined in a universal protest against national jealousies, national stupidities, and international crime, they might have achieved a result worth while. As it is, the English are the English, and the Germans the Germans, and the French the French; and the universal consensus of genius and of talent has been conspicuous by its absence. Each man speaks (conscientiously, but stupidly) as a parochialist. None has dared to be a universalist. But Shaw has at least made an attempt to escape from the herd.

The Anti-Pacifists

It seems to have occurred to several people that the present time is exceedingly opportune for the publication of pointed remarks addressed to all pacifists in general, and to Mr. Bryan in particular. The English language, which is sufficiently copious, has been ransacked for pleasant epithets; and it has been intimated with cultured precision, by no less an authority than Colonel Roosevelt, that those who have worked for the inauguration

of an era of elementary common sense are merely moral and physical weaklings. War, we are told, is rooted in the necessities of human nature: it has existed, exists, and will exist, *in sæcula sæculorum*, pre-historic, post-historic and pan-historic; and nobody but a lunatic would make any real effort to avert it.

It is undeniable that war, on a large scale, is now bringing its vaunted blessings to the European nations, and especially to little Belgium, which has much cause for thankfulness that strong, virile militarists have been able to overrule the effeminate pacifists and prevent the horrors of a peaceful harvest-time, of an undesolated country, and a winter not linked irrevocably with such slaughter and starvation as the world has never yet witnessed.

In the face of this unique exposition of the virtue and value of militarism and militarists, it is indeed extraordinary that Mr. Bryan, or any other statesman or publicist, should be foolish enough to indulge pacific tendencies, or to imagine that the peoples of the world, amazed, nauseated, shocked into the full realization of facts, will highly resolve—and will keep that resolution—that the dead shall not have given their lives in vain, and that the future shall be free from the intolerable curse that has lowered over the past, and brought us now to the supreme abomination of desolation.

Charles S. Whitman

MR. WHITMAN's election to the governorship of New York State was thoroughly deserved and entirely expected, though the degree of support accorded to Mr. Sulzer was a surprise to the majority of observers and must have been touching to Tammany, as showing that the great heart of the people does not throb entirely in tune with the infinite trickery of Fourteenth Street. But though Mr. Sulzer has a certain personal popularity, the votes cast for him must have been intended chiefly as a protest against the conditions of his removal from the governorship: for the people know perfectly well that a Tammany governor, well trained and duly heedful of the little finger of the Big Chief, could have committed almost any amount of subtle rascality without fear of impeachment.

Perhaps Mr. Whitman may be able to initiate a few interesting investigations with regard to Tammany activities in the State.

The Sing-Sing Scandal

THE hasty removal of an undesirable warden from Sing-Sing, in the hope of checking, before the election, the effects of peculiar disclosures, is both interesting and amusing; interesting, as a public event of fourth-rate magnitude; amusing, as a public exhibition of first-rate incompetence. The gentleman who was responsible for the appointment of the warden should be deeply gratified by the results. Of course, as he merely held a highly responsible position, he could not be expected to know that the warden of a large prison requires qualities that are not generally found in the average plumber, cobbler or tinsmith, however estimable the cobbler and his companions may be.

That a position requiring expert training, unusual personal qualities and fine ideals should be filled by the saloon-lounger type of local politician, is in accordance with Tammany traditions. But times are changing, and even such a disgraceful institution as Sing-Sing may be made less hopelessly unfitted to its real purposes.

The New Republic

A CORDIAL welcome must be extended to *The New Republic*, "A journal of opinion which seeks to meet the challenge of a new time." The new weekly has made its appearance under excellent auspices and with excellent intentions, and it should certainly discover that there is a growing public in this country which no longer regards ideas as inherently dull, but sees in them the means by which a finer order may be established. There are still certain people who find their chief recreation in Elinor Glyn fiction, and their chief occupation in avoiding ideas: but there are many others who find some pleasure (at least occasionally) in clear thinking and intelligent criticism.